WHAT THE DRYS WILL DO NEXT

BY IDA B. WISE SMITH, *PRESIDENT of the* W.C.T.U.

NOV. 25, 1933

# Liberty

5¢

NRA MEMBER U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

THE CRISIS BY COL. E. M. HOUSE

**One—to get ready . . .** "Well, how do you like your first Spud? Too cool for you? You just wait a while. That's only the beginning!"

**Ten—to get set . . .** "Menthol taste gone? What did I tell you? You're all set now! . . . ready to enjoy the tobacco."

# Smoke Twenty

**20 FOR 15c**

(25c IN CANADA)

# SPUD

**MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES**

**Twenty—to go!...** "Go ahead and smoke all you want! Now that you've finished your first pack, you know what mouth-happiness means. Ever come across a finer blend of tobacco? Ever have such a cool and clean-tasting mouth after smoking?"

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

•

NOVEMBER 25, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 47

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

# GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP MEANS SLAVERY

WHEN big business takes undue advantage of workers we often hear the socialistic doctrine advocated which tells us that all business should be owned and conducted by the government.

Few people stop to think what government ownership really means. They seem to have an idea that once the government becomes the proprietor everybody will have an easier time, that every worker will have a large voice in the management.

But what does it really mean?

We have an example of government ownership in Russia at the present time. The workers of that country are ordered about like a lot of cattle. There are no strikes over there. You are told what wages you can have; you are told at which job you must work; and you work accordingly or go to jail or are penalized in some other way.

That is one form of government ownership.

And let us view some of the results of government ownership in our own country.

Point out if you can a single instance where government ownership has been an outstanding success—that is, where it has succeeded to such an extent that it could compare favorably with the successes attained by some of our great business executives. Wherever or whenever the government steps in, superefficiency vacates.

Political favorites become the dictators. The men who have spent their lives studying the details of business are frequently reduced to minor positions.

We are suffering from many forms of government ownership or control at the present time. The United States government went into the business of controlling the price of cotton and wheat a few years ago. Hundreds of millions of dollars were lost in this governmental activity. The government took over the railroads during the war. It released them back to the companies following that world-wide conflict; but it maintained a control of such a nature that railroad executives were hamstrung—they could not run their own business.

And the government has had to step in and save our railroads from bankruptcy due, as so many railroad executives maintain, to government interference.

The government has gone into the banking business; and to just what extent its intrusion into the financial field has influenced the appalling record of bank failures no one can tell. At no time in the history of the world have there been such disgraceful financial catastrophes.

The NRA will undoubtedly serve a good purpose, but it has been made necessary by the government's interference with the natural course of business in previous years. We are all hoping that it will help bring us back to normal, and the benefits already attained are encouraging.

But we are also hoping that the procedure will be temporary, that it will not be a deviation from our democratic principles.

All the codes for the various businesses should be valuable at this time, but if they become a permanent fixture they may create a horde of bootleggers that will be like a cankerous sore eating at the vitals of every legitimate business. Their enforcement may be worth a trial, but the Prohibition Law has taught us some terrible lessons and if we do not profit by them we will have to accept the penalty.

Capitalism may have its faults, big-business executives may be harsh with workers at times. But our workers are not slaves. They cannot be ordered around to suit the whims of a dictator. At least they may quit their jobs if they do not like them.

But if we change to government ownership they will work whether they like it or not, and if they do not work hard enough the penalty may be jail or a whiplash.

Government ownership means a dictatorship. And although a beneficent and intelligent dictatorship usually brings good government, dictators are rarely beneficent and sometimes are not even intelligent.

We had better keep away from government ownership. Let us stick to what we have got. Remedy our faults if possible. Bring back the old-time American honesty, make rich men be decently unselfish. Kick out the crook and racketeer in politics and in business. But let us avoid government ownership as we would a consuming fire.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

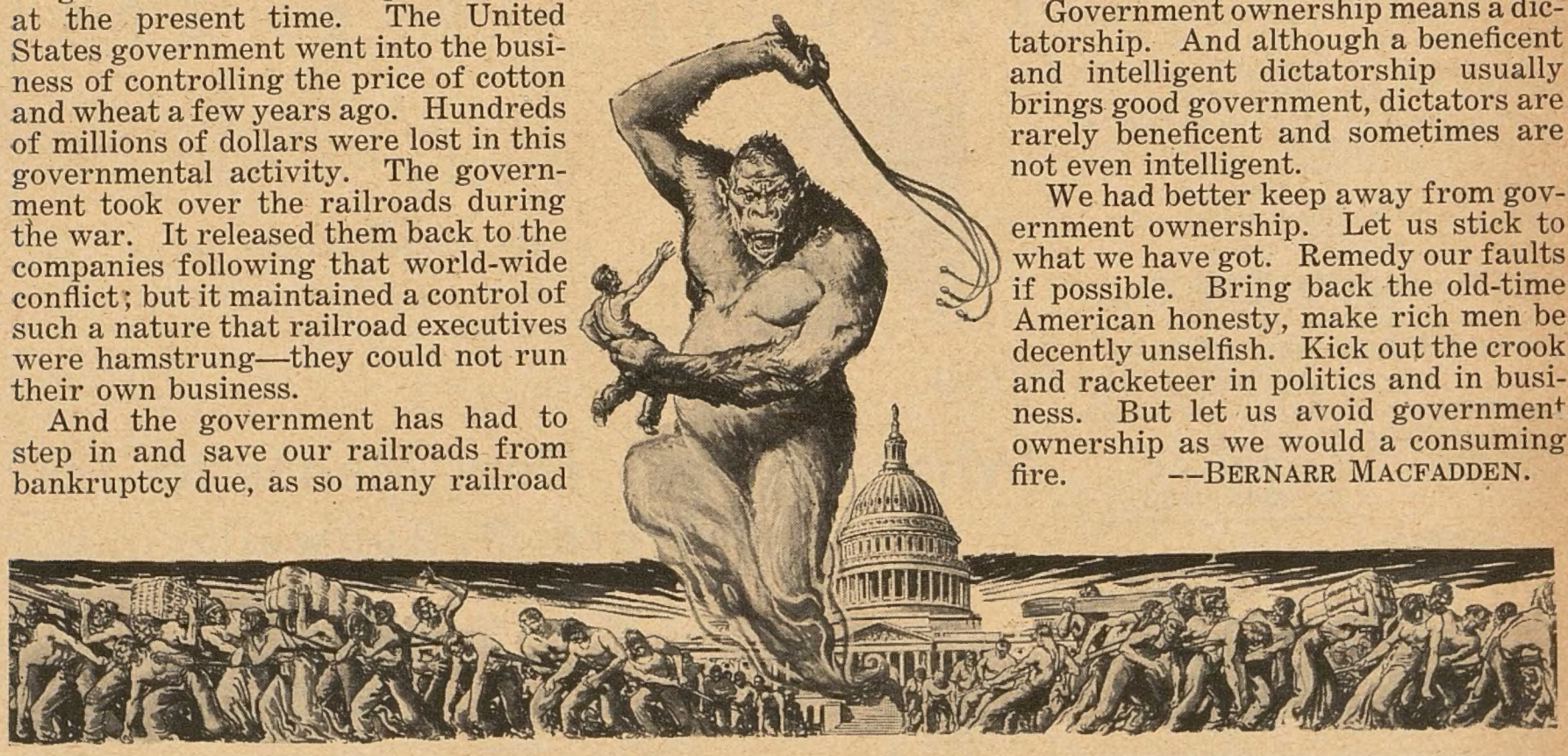


TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 4

Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1933, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.

# Give your home a REAL radio!

Many of us have been listening too long to radios deficient in performance and tone—because it didn't seem we could afford a good new one.

But now with a better Christmas in view than most of us have seen in years—why not give *your* home a REAL radio?

For that gift we suggest a PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board model—the radio that is truly a musical instrument of quality—the superb 16X—the great all-wave "star" of the PHILCO line—$175. Other Inclined Sounding Board models—$100—$125—$150.

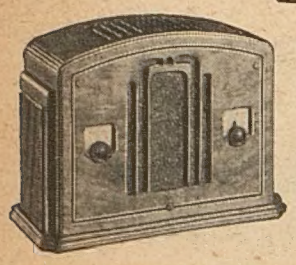
**$22.50 to $600** *All prices subject to change without notice*

**PHILCO Auto Radio $49.95**
*(Complete and Installed)*

*Listen to Boake Carter over key Columbia stations*

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

**PHILCO 54C · $33**



Operates on A. C. or D. C. Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Illuminated Dial. Police calls as well as all broadcast channels, $33. PHILCO 57C (A. C. only) $22.50.

**PHILCO**
*A musical instrument of quality*


# CONTENTS


Editorial ..... 3

What the Drys Will Do Next ..... Ida B. Wise Smith as told to Earl Godwin 5
*The president of the W. C. T. U. deplores repeal, discusses the organization's prospects, and outlines its plans*

Lost Behind the Ranges—*A story* ..... Beatrice Grimshaw 8

$50 Honest Opinion Offer ..... 14

Twenty Questions ..... 14

This Crisis ..... Colonel Edward M. House 16
*The man who guided Wilson's hand gives thanks for the "New Deal"*

Jeering, Jovial, Jesting—*Movie reviews* ..... Beverly Hills 18

Tarzan and the Lion Man—*Part III* ..... Edgar Rice Burroughs 20

Jumblejem ..... 24

Chain of Circumstances Prize Winners September 23 Issue ..... 29

Fumes and Flames ..... Lowell Thomas 30
*Following the path of Reckless Lives*

I'll See You Soon—*A short short story* ..... Donald Hough 35

I Saw and Heard Lincoln at Gettysburg ..... George D. Gitt 36
*A novel close-up of a historic episode 70 Novembers Ago*

Happy Days ..... Anna Roosevelt Dall 39

Vox Pop ..... 40

Bucking the Line for Sing Sing ..... John Law 42
*Their coach, Notre Dame's former captain, tells how football is helping the inmates and why victory means so much to them*

We Must Be Hard-Boiled—*A story* ..... Frank O. Hough 46

Hell Dogs!—*Conclusion* ..... Rafael Munoz 52

Cross Word Puzzle ..... 57

To the Ladies! ..... Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 58

$5,000 Home Life Snapshot Contest ..... 59


Cover by Leslie Thrasher

*NEXT WEEK—*

BEGINNING

## FOREVER, PERHAPS!

*By*

**Ursula Parrott**

Author of
Ex-Wife, Strangers May Kiss, Etc.

A poignant new novel of tangled loves, and Youth that lived for the moment

*ALSO—*

## What the New Deal Means to You

*By* **Rexford G. Tugwell**

Assistant Secretary of Agriculture

A member of the President's famous "Brain Trust" counts the steps by which we are climbing out of the depression

*AND—*

## The Stewed Kidneys of an Angel

*By* **Irvin S. Cobb**

# *What the* Drys Will Do *Next*

*(Reading time: 10 minutes 55 seconds.)*

EDITOR'S NOTE: As president of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Smith naturally speaks with authority concerning its attitude toward repeal and its intentions for the future. Her article is therefore a public statement of rare interest just at this time. As such it appears in Liberty. Needless to add, it by no means states Liberty's own views! It is published in accordance with Liberty's policy of presenting all sides of important public questions in expressions from authoritative sources.

Photo by Eugene L. Ray

Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith

I AM asked to discuss the future program of the drys.

The program of the drys is eternally the fight against intoxicating liquor. The effects of alcohol cannot be repealed. They are all bad; not one good.

The heartaches and despair that are the complement of liquor cannot be repealed. The misery and poverty and child cruelty which always followed the free use of liquor cannot be repealed and are not mitigated by legislation! Nor can any government prevent the enforcement of the Divine prohibition that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.

*"I, FOR ONE, PROMISE TO START A CAMPAIGN AGAINST 'TRUE TEMPERANCE' AS A MENACE TO COMING GENERATIONS"*

Prohibition never was an end in itself, but a method of protecting the individual and the state against the ceaseless corrosion of alcoholic beverages. If the nation refuses prohibition, then it must find some other way to protect itself against this drug which is as dangerous to the Western people as opium is to the Orientals.

Without prohibition the liquor business will expand to a leading legitimate industry which many people have been led to think erroneously will restore prosperity and fill the treasuries with tax money. We have heard these promises until many forget that when liquor was paying a third of all our governmental bills it was also imposing a burden of poverty, crime, and inefficiency.

The liquor problem is not how to sell the stuff but how to deal with the social and economic problem presented by the effect of liquor on the individual and society. Long experience proves that no method of sale solves or removes the real problem. Unless the United States is to be slowed down materially there must be an immediate and prominent program of accurate education in the effects of alcohol.

Alcohol is a deadly narcotic, habit-forming drug, a racial poison, transmitting its deadliest effects from one generation to another. To make America conscious of this fact will take a tremendous campaign; it must be more than a few pages in a child's schoolbook, more than a quarterly Sunday-school lesson.

The basic fact that alcohol is a protoplasmic poison, a social destroyer, and a degenerator of the soul remains and must be dealt with. The foundation of our educational program must be the effect of alcohol on organic life. It must be shown in pictures, charts, and laboratory experiments. There should be better facilities for public-school teaching of the basic facts.

The nature and effect of alcohol must be taught with greater exactness than in recent years. The colored charts showing the effects of alcohol on the human system, the old-time "stomach plates," and the startling pictures in the school "physiologies" and "hygienes" were discarded because they were "not artistic"; but all over this nation I have heard educators say their life habits toward drink were largely determined by these charts.

They did not drink because they saw what drink would do to them. I am in favor of restoring that type of education.

Physicians' prescriptions for alcohol should bear a statement of its effect, as was done in France until recently the wine-growing interests arranged for the abrogation of this requirement. Warnings against trying to mix gasoline and liquor should be given officially to every motorist. This has been done in Germany and in Canada.

The social responsibility for temperate living must be taught. This will help build the character to say "No" when drink is offered. It will help form centers of wholesome living and a social influence.

**BY IDA B. WISE SMITH**
**PRESIDENT OF THE W. C. T. U.**
*As told to* **EARL GODWIN**

But the effectiveness of any such campaign will be modified by the advertising campaigns of the liquor business. We are face to face with the time when the newspapers, magazines, billboards, and illuminated signs will be massing their hypnotic influence upon us to drink. The radio programs will be telling their liquor story in the homes. In fact, in event of repeal the entire weight of modern advertising and propaganda methods would be used to make more Americans drink more alcohol.

The ability to control the buying power of millions is one of the great phenomena of the age. In a few months an advertising campaign can build up a demand that in generations past could not have been accomplished in a lifetime. This presents a grave danger. The advertising of intoxicating liquors should be prohibited.

Experience warns against even the moderate use of intoxicants; science proves alcohol was not intended as a beverage; and the whole drab pageant of trial and error proves the world better off without liquor. There is more need than ever to realize this. With the roads crowded with automobiles there is no place in present-day life for the man or woman who drinks alcohol.

Today the moderate drinker is more of a menace than the Old Soak who is so drunk he cannot possibly function at the wheel of an automobile. The cult of moderate drinking, if successful, would fill the roads, offices, banks, shops, and schools with men and women who appear to be sober, who think they are sober, but whose mental faculties are just a bit eccentric. Advice from a moderate-drinking banker may be as disastrous in its way as the driving of a moderate-drinking chauffeur!

We have heard about "true temperance," which is a program of moderate drinking. Many leaders against prohibition predict a restoration of "true temperance," a mid-Victorian idea entirely out of harmony with modern science. The drys are not going to allow the word "temperance" to be taken away from them; it belongs to us and we are going to keep it with the full understanding that "temperance is moderation in all things good, and total abstinence from all things harmful."

THE history of the temperance movement proves my point. Temperance leaders in America worked for total abstinence from "ardent spirit" until about 1836, when they came to the inevitable conclusion that alcohol had the same bad effects in beer and wine as in the distilled ardent spirits such as whisky and brandy and the awful gin which wrought such havoc in England a century ago. All the old temperance-society pledges of a hundred years ago began to be revised to include total abstinence. The famous Sons of Temperance organized in Iowa in 1840 with the pledge, "No brother shall manufacture, sell, buy, or use alcoholic liquors, including wine, beer, and cider." The Reynolds Red Ribbon movement, the Murphy Blue Ribbon movement, and every other bona fide drive against the liquor habit taught that temperance means total abstinence. History shows whole empires sinking to destruction through trying to dally with alcohol on the "true temperance" plan.

The word "temperance" therefore belongs to the drys. It must continue to mean total abstinence.

I, for one, promise to start a campaign against "true temperance" as a menace to coming generations.

If "temperance" means moderate drinking, how are you going to teach moderate drinking in the public schools? There would be a revolution in this country the moment that started.

Will the drys go into local-option fights and state prohibition fights if prohibition comes out of the Constitution? In answering that question may I ask another? Why is it that the assumption seems to be that the drys are the disturbing element in politics? The first big entry into politics was the liquor business; the first big entry into postrepeal politics would be the drives supported by the liquor business to break down all present laws against the sale of liquor. Certainly there are millions of men and women in the United States who are opposed to the liquor business.

Even the most ardent of the wets have argued that a state has the right to remain dry; but I would expect that the organizations which have been fighting national prohibition would immediately put themselves at the disposal of liquor politics and attempt to remove as many restrictions as possible from the states. There is a

clear line of demarcation between the cities and the rural districts in most of the states. I would expect to see the city politicians attempt to overwhelm the dry rural districts. The drys will resist this maneuver.

One of the most dangerous bits of current misinformation is that " there is no drunkenness in Sweden," and that " intemperance is a closed book in England," and that " countries where they drink beer and wine have no liquor problem."

The constant repetition of these untruths has had a deep effect upon Americans. Millions of our younger generation have a deep-set opinion that getting rid of the disorderly bootleg conditions brought about by the scofflaws under prohibition will solve the problem. Actually there is more drunkenness in those countries and more of a liquor problem than in the United States.

Liquor is sold in an orderly manner in the countries named. I have been in all of them and twenty other countries besides, and I have found that wherever liquor is sold it causes drunkenness, crime, poverty, inefficiency, unemployment, inebriacy, alcoholism, and death. These extra burdens are in proportion to the amount of liquor sold, everywhere around the world; and it will be part of the program of the drys, and of the W. C. T. U. especially, to rid the country of the false idea that when governments sell liquor inebriacy flies out of the window.

In the 'eighties many misguided drys believed sincerely that if saloon licenses were made high enough the saloons would disappear. But to increase business and raise the tax money the saloons moved from back streets, established themselves on the best corners; the bartenders put on white coats, hung fancy pictures on the walls, and put a free lunch at the end of the bar; and they did so much more business that the license fees were a mere incident. The country was flooded with liquor.

That was the Old-Fashioned Saloon, which did so much damage that no one wants it back again. Nor will it reappear. In its place has come something much more dangerous and seductive—the New-Fashioned Saloon. And liquor does the same damage sold by a commission or a board as by a bartender or bootlegger.

OUR neighbors in Canada have in some places cautioned automobile drivers that a pint of beer or a highball contains alcohol sufficient to slow brain functions enough to cause a wreck. They have learned that a normal sober driver at thirty-five miles an hour will cover ten feet before he starts to put on brakes, turn the wheel, or do whatever he decided to do in an emergency; but after he has had a pint of beer or a highball he will go from twenty to thirty feet before he starts to act.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will emphasize the need for women voters everywhere getting out of the rut of local or party politics and doing some independent thinking and voting. We are asking our members and our friends to study citizenship, find out all about the machinery of courts, city halls, and state legislatures; we are asking them *not* to take the word of the captain of the precinct where they vote, but to find out all about the next ticket the party wants to support, and to bring out candidates if necessary. One of the growing programs within the ranks of the drys is general education in civic matters; women particularly are to be taught how to make themselves felt in party councils.

There is no wet majority in this country so far. The " sweeping majorities " which repealists claim are actually small minorities. Votes cast for repeal so far—and I have analyzed these figures for the first twenty-six states voting—have been approximately 25 per cent of the qualified voters. That means that 75 per cent of the voters either voted against repeal or were too little interested in repeal to express themselves. This 75 per cent is the majority which will crush a wet program and follow the lead of the W. C. T. U. in its educational and citizenship programs. I say this because I confidently believe we are in a progressive age; and liquor politics have always been allied with reaction. If our wet opponents point at us and declare that we are the last of the dying race of drys, I reply that the age of Bourbonism is over long ago. The common sense of America will be a barrier against which the liquor traffic cannot make headway.

THE END

# Lost BEHIND the RANGES

*(Reading time: 28 minutes 5 seconds.)*

Something lost behind the ranges,
Something waiting for you—go!
—KIPLING.

HOMBRON BLUFF, big and rugged as its name, stood up to eastward; and to southward rose abruptly Mount Brown, where no one ever went. Who was Hombron, and after whom were Mount Brown and the Brown River called? Nobby Gus, otherwise and in other climes Augustus Noble, did not know.

He only knew that, following one day his luck and the paces of his old dun horse, he had happened upon this forgotten or never known piece of country under Hombron and Brown. Afar off, like Moses looking on the Promised Land, he had seen the greenness and the blue-blackness of it, and the silver of its streams—grassland and forests, watered, rich. Miles and miles, and nobody there.

It happens at times in New Guinea. There is so much of that great island-continent and—after forty years of settlement—so few white people in it, that large bits, here and there, may be left lying round like forgotten wash on a colossal line; nobody's business to take it in.

Gus felt his heart swell into his throat when next day, after camping on an open table-land and shooting a small wild pig for supper, he broke camp at dawn and went down into that unknown bit of country, determined to take it for his own.

Lonely? A hundred times no! Homeless all his life, a little cockney who had drifted to New Guinea via Australia and got caged in the accounting department of a store, just as if he'd still been something in Cannon Street, Gus Noble felt, from that day forth, at home.

He did not tell the store; did not go back on Monday. He did not trouble the Lands Office. Only, he bought groceries from a native-owned booth, riding a day to do it and spending his newly paid month's salary on the purchases. He hired a carrier or two from a village, took his stuff to the spot where he meant to live, paid the boys with tobacco, and said good-by to everything.

You can do such things in New Guinea.

It was good there—very good. You got some sweet-potato cuttings and some pineapple suckers from the native village a day's ride away, and planted them. You had your house, plaited bamboo, grass-thatched, beside the river; all the materials for making it or mending it within reach of your hand. Bamboo made your bed, your furniture, your water buckets. There was wild fruit in the forest, wild yams on the edge of the bush. The game was wonderful, untouched; a cartridge a

*"So that's your man," he said, and took no more notice of Gus.*

**A Vivid Tale of Deathless Love in a Tropic Paradise**

*Just for fun he amused himself washing gravel.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN FALTER

day more than provided you with meat. You knew how to make beer out of the pineapples, and you did. There was native tobacco. It was the peacefulest and pleasantest place you'd ever seen, ever imagined this side of heaven. Somebody else, not you, would have turned it into plantations—all this fertile black-soil river valley—would have put a lorry road in, made fences, generally bedeviled it and spoiled it.

But not you! Not you, who had never been free, done what you liked, before. Managers, companies, accounts (cursed accounts), hours to keep, reports to make. No!

Nobby Gus amazedly realized that even in the late twenties of the twentieth century a man could live for himself—reach out and take a piece of land and be forever free.

I could tell you a thousand things about this life behind the ranges of Augustus Noble's, but you know them all already. You used to love that life, on Sundays and Saturday afternoons, when you were ten, and there was a wood, and a stream running through it, mysterious, unexplored. But when you grew up you made yourself believe that it was all nonsense.

Nobby, being simpler and wiser than you, knew that it was not.

It came about that one day exploring (for he loved to explore; he loved to think, rightly or wrongly, that, near as Port Moresby might be, there wasn't a white man had trodden this particular valley save himself) he came upon a delightful secret little stream running fast and clear over a gravelly bed among whitish-colored rocks. Nobby didn't know how to read the letters that the stream spelled out, any more than he understood the meaning of the different rocks that surrounded it and made its bed. But, just for fun, he went home and got his dinner plate and a piece of tin, and amused himself washing gravel.

In the course of the afternoon he found four small dull-yellow nuggets. Even Nobby knew what they were. Talk of gold has always run like a glittering thread through the chatter of the New Guinea world. You may not find an Edie Creek—indeed it is practically certain that you will not—but talk of Edie Creeks, prophecies of new Yoddas, will fill you with the pleasant hope that some day

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

*On the threshold he stood frozen. A woman had dropped from Bob's back.*

it may be your turn. That on a morning or an evening you may dive into an unknown river bed and rise up glittering with pure gold—as did an astonished discoverer years ago. Or that the hoofs of your horse may bring down a stone, and picking it up you may see the threads of your destiny running through it, yellow and bright as the sun upon a stream.

Nobby's horse was not in the picture. He was winding the threads of destiny in another direction that day. Nobby himself, having lighted on the thing for which all New Guinea continually thirsts, sat down and considered seriously.

The upshot of his consideration was that he concealed all trace of his work, took the nuggets home and hid them in a very clever place—under his home-stuffed kapok mattress—and decided that he would go to the stream once in a way, as he felt inclined, and gather here and there a nugget, till he had a little store. Then he'd go down to the nearest Queensland port and buy some things he needed: a better gun than the trade shotgun—two guns maybe; fishing gear; a few clothes. He couldn't think of anything else he wanted very much, and he was possessed of a teeth-clenching determination to tell nobody, keep his secret. "They" would come if they knew. "They" would tear up the place, and make camps, and bring hundreds of unwilling, half rebellious black carriers. And put up a hotel. And have a plane buzzing about—there was nothing he hated like planes. Behind-the-ranges wouldn't be his any more. It would be theirs. No!

IT might have been the thought of all that; it might have been the excitement and fatigue of a busier day than he had known for long; it might have been the heart-searching sound of the great goura pigeons' golden cooing from the forest, where now they were making court to one another, bowing, minueting, stately as lords and ladies—but it is certain that, that evening, Nobby Gus felt sad. As Adam knew himself to be naked, and shuddered at the thought, Augustus Noble, for the first time, felt himself alone.

Even the old horse, Bob, was gone; had been away for days. Gus missed him a good deal; he hoped the kindly brute would come back. It was nice to see Bob's dun-colored bony hips sticking up out of the *kuru-kuru* meadows; to hear him, in the nighttime, champing as he mumbled grass. Some call from the horses' centaur-god—some dream of wonderful fleet mares with satin skins—had taken him away. He'd return by and by.

It was now the southeast season, the kindly winter of New Guinea, when a silver wind blew all day long, and at night the skies, banded with pink and purple and cold blue, curiously mimicked the frosty evenings of other lands. Mornings the water in the tumbling creek was chill; nighttime one drew a blanket up and coiled down deliciously into the kapok bed, under which the growing store of nuggets bulked small and sharp against a man's hips as he lay.

Gus, in the last of the geranium-colored sunset, was standing on the hill behind his house, looking, as he always did at nightfall, half despairingly, for Bob's return. "He was my mate," the little man said to himself. "I didn't think he'd've done me down." And immediately, against the edge of dark, he saw that something moved.

"Bob!" he said joyfully.

He ran to cut the last of his pineapples—the dun horse loved them. Then, with the fruit in his hand, he stood thinking. Was it Bob? The beast had looked huge, towering against the sky. Could there be things in this queer New Guinea that a man didn't know about? He'd heard of devil pigs on Mount Victoria—things as big as horses. Could there be things like horses tall as elephants?

He could hear it now, and it sounded—it did sound—very like Bob. *Clumpet, clumpet.* Coming slowly, as if the horse were tired. Gus lit his hurricane lamp, went to the door of the hut, and stood waiting.

*Clumpet, clump, clumpet.* Up to the little house came Bob in the transparent dusk, and stopped dead, his neck outstretched, his head hanging, as if he had traveled far.

But Augustus Noble had no eyes for Bob. The pineapple slid from his hand. His mouth opened. On the threshold of the hut he stood frozen. A woman had

dropped down from Bob's back, and stood swaying with weariness, looking at him; at his small, slope-shouldered figure, at his kindly rabbit face with the unshorn chin; at his boots, his shirt, the lantern he held in his hand.

"She upped-and-downed me," Gus said to himself afterward, "like as if I was the chap they found alongside of the corpse in the liberry, and she was the C. I. D."

In the same moment, by the same flickering orange light, he looked at her, and this was what he saw: A woman, not young, maybe of middle age. Opulent figure (what Gus would have called "crummy") clad in a stained fine frock. Eyes of an extraordinary greenish blue, that went through you so that you could "fair feel the 'oles of them in the back of your 'ead." Features hard, battered, once handsome. A curious mass of yellow-red hair piled so high on the top of her hatless head that she seemed to be wearing a beehive.

Gus, looking at her and bemused with astonishment, found himself saying the first thing that came into his mind:

"It'd've bin a pity to shingle that."

She said with curious intensity: "I'd cut his liver out of him if he tried!" The sentence seemed to lack something; what, Gus for the moment could not consider, because he had seen the woman's feet, and they called forth from him an instant cry of dismay. Her shoes were worn to bits, and the toes that stuck out of them were bleeding.

"Yes," she said, nodding as he looked at the feet in horror. "If I hadn't come upon that horse of yours this morning, and got on to him, and clucked at him to go home, the crows would have been picking my eyes tonight. I didn't think," she said, "we were ever going to get anywhere."

She looked at him defiantly and dropped on the ground.

When he had found the pineapple spirit, cursing his clumsiness and waste, and poured a jorum of it down her throat, she seemed better; was able to sit up. He took the wallaby stew off the fire and gave her his plate and spoon. She ate furiously, and while she ate he brought water from the stream and bathed her broken

feet. Afterward he bandaged them with strips of his second shirt. "Like something in the Bible, cursed if it ain't," he thought. And he was pleased.

Bob had munched his pineapple and departed. The moon was up. The night was very still. Somewhere close at hand the creek went whispering, and the land wind, rising, began to stir in the grasses.

The woman, with a sigh, leaned back against the wall, and Gus said to her:

"Are you lost?"

He hadn't meant anything, only to ask if she had become bushed among the innumerable hills and valleys, all alike, that for many miles surround the settled districts of Port Moresby. Plenty of people had been bushed like that—once an Austrian archduke.

But she pushed herself forward on her hands, and her eyes again went through him, only a foot from his face.

"What do you mean?" she said, drawing quick breaths. Without waiting for an answer, she sank back.

"Don' mean anything," he was protesting. "Wanted to know if you were—"

But she was not listening. She did not see him. God alone knew what she did see with those great eyes of hers glaring at the wall, looking through it, through the seas, the countries, and the years. By and by she struck one hand across her eyes, and when she took it away the fingers were wet.

"You're an innocent, I take it," she said, making nothing of her emotion.

Gus wondered if he were an innocent—what an innocent exactly was. He thought, on the whole, he was as fly as most. But this woman with the queer deep voice, and the eyes, and the hands—white hands they were, that hadn't done much work; torn and stained by rough journeying, but real lady's hands—this woman seemed to think him something of a child.

She took his bed, took his house, and very soon, indeed, his heart. He asked her no questions. He was bemused, mad. She seemed to know so many things of which he had never heard. You couldn't understand half of her talk. And she had ways with her—ways—

"They would've drew an emperor off of his throne," Gus Noble said to himself. Carelessly, with one finger as it were, she drew him. And on the morning after one mad night Nobby Gus, with his cockney decency, his Ealing conscientiousness, came to her as she stood binding up her marvelous ropes of hair under a cottonwood tree, and asked her, not without a lump in his throat—maybe because it meant the ending of his secret—would she please name the day.

Verena (that was the name she had given him—no more) paused a moment in her twisting and pinning. Her deep-set eyes, that seemed to hold all possible human experience in their green-blue depths, scanned him up and down.

"ARE you making fun of me?" she asked.

He had already learned that she could fly into fits of unexplained swift rage. Hastily he told her that he didn't mean to kid her, so help him Bob; he'd've put his 'ead under 'er 'eels any day, if she said the word.

"I believe you would," she said in that strangely cultured accent of hers that now and then broke into raucous coarseness. "Well, what do you want? Haven't you—"

He said hastily that he only wanted to do the proper thing. Would she come with him to Port Moresby and have the parson turn them off?

"I wouldn't do you down," he said earnestly, his five feet five drawn up to look as much like six feet as possible. "I'm not that kind, Verena. And I'd make you a good 'usband. My oath," he added, using an Australianism that had taken his fancy.

Now she looked strangely, and he thought she was going to laugh—or cry maybe. Was she so pleased as all that? Maybe he was a better-looking man than he had fancied—than the girls had led him to suppose. He'd always known there was something in him that they didn't see. He'd always thought there would be a woman some day, a wonderfully beautiful woman, and she'd love him like the princesses loved the young American who was better than any prince, in the stories. Did Verena fancy him like that? Somehow, he wasn't quite sure.

You were never sure of Verena in any way you could mention.

She said now: "Thanks, Gus. Will you put on the billy can? I'd rather like a cup of tea."

Was that accepting a man, or was it not?

He made the tea; he cooked her breakfast, and brought it to her where she sat under the shady dome of the cottonwood.

"Would you like," he said earnestly, "for me to put up another little 'ouse till we could be going to Port?"

At that she did have hysterics. She laughed and laughed till she spilled the tea all over him. But she said never a word, and Nobby Gus was left with his ax in his hand, uncertain whether to begin the building or not.

At all events, he thought, there'd be no harm in cutting a few eucalyptus trees—that straight thin sort that grew down by the creek. And some bamboo for walls. He'd take a clearing knife.

Alone in the secret valley of which none knew but himself, his thoughts began to stray from woodman's work. He had not been down into the creek since Verena came. That was ten days ago. Hardly, even, had he thought of it. Lust of gold, the pioneer's chief vice, had little hold on Nobby.

BUT now he remembered his mornings spent washing dish after dish; the little dull-bright nuggets that rewarded him. The things they stood for—if he could keep them to himself.

If he went to Port and made an honest woman of Verena, brought her back here and set up house, maybe they'd want more and more of the nuggets. People would find out about the discovery somehow, even if she did not tell. He thought she would not, but how could he be sure? A few months in New Guinea had taught him that gold, like love, cannot be hidden long.

"She don't know nothing about it," he thought as he tramped homeward, carrying a load of cut bamboo. "What would she do if she did?"

But he could not fix his attention on the gold. It did not seem to matter, compared with the wonder that had fallen upon him from the skies—the marvel of Verena's kindness.

Mounting the spur that led toward the hut, he stopped, mouth open, eyes staring and ears strained. What had he heard? The whinny of another horse answering Bob's friendly whicker? Yes. It was no fancy. There went Bob, cantering like a two-year-old, and there was the other horse, a bright bay, grazing below the house. A saddle was on the bay horse's back, girths loosened, and a bridle, bit undone, was in his mouth.

Never in this world will the clever people believe in, understand, the occasional cleverness of the stupid. Nobody in Port would have credited Nobby with the spark of inspiration that told him, immediately and without doubt, who the rider of the bay horse must be.

"It'd be the feller 'oom she said she'd have the guts out of, if he cut it," was Nobby Gus's reaction. Until that moment he had not thought about, had scarce remembered, Verena's puzzling words.

The next idea that came into his mind was that the fellow must be a swine, whoever he was. To threaten Verena!

Quietly he laid his load of bamboo down, and turned by a secret way toward the cottage. There was trailing clematis there among the grasses. He plucked a spray of it and put it to his lips. It smelled, he thought, like tresses of warm hair, scented and honey-sweet.

At the back of the hut there were gaps in the bamboo-work. Lying down, you could look through; could hear almost as well as if you were inside.

The man who had come upon the horse was sitting on a box and talking earnestly to Verena. He was a big chap with thick black hair, red lips, and shoulders like the top of a field gate. Just the sort of man that Nobby couldn't bear. They bellowed, those men; they trampled over every one; they got their own way.

He could not see Verena's face, but he could see her hands, those white torn hands of hers. She was sitting, with her back to him, on the kapok mattress; and her

palms were set, thumbs outward, at her sides, supporting her. The fingers were restless; they moved and crisped upon the rough cover of the mattress. But her voice as she spoke was unusually quiet. What she said was strange, impossible to link on to anything that Nobby knew of her. It was something about a Darlinghurst flat, and some one who had lived there, who was now, it seemed, dead. A woman. Verena was saying, "I knew all along you liked her more, the hussy!"

"I don't allow that," he answered, staring at her in a hungry kind of way. "But even if I had, there was no call to do what you did."

"Now what was that?" she said, cheeky-like.

Nobby couldn't understand what was up, but he saw that her breath was coming fast, for all her cheekiness.

The man (Gordon, she called him) leaned forward and caught a handful of her hair.

"Leave go!" she cried.

"You'd better have had it off," he said in a threatening sort of way. "You might as well have run away with black paint on your face." He had let go her hair; sat staring, staring. "Somehow," he said, "I like you the better for what you did."

"Sh!" she said, and suddenly grew white. Nobby knew it, though he couldn't see her face.

Gordon said: "Have you anything to drink?"

"Not a drop."

"Oh, come now, what about the man you're living with? I know about him. Why, I traced you through his horse. The natives saw you. They see everything. Lucky for you they don't mostly tell. Where's the chap, and where's his whisky?"

"He doesn't drink," she answered. "And you'd best not mention him with your black tongue, you snake."

He didn't answer. Nobby could see that he was one of those people—those people who ought to be killed—who never, never noticed what you said.

The man yawned furiously. "You're coming back with me," he said. "I'll have a camp till the sun goes down a bit. We can ride it in four hours, if one knows the right track. Now shut your mouth. You are! Why, girl, we've got an alibi, for all the gang will swear black and blue you were at the pictures. You were in too great a hurry, running off."

She was silent for a minute, and then said, "It was the look of—it."

Gordon did not immediately answer.

OUTSIDE the hut, the clean wind rippled in the trees; a goura pigeon rang its golden bell. "The world is good," it seemed to say. "The world is innocent and all of us are happy."

"I'll get that fellow with a stick," Gordon said. "They're good eating. The look of it, you said? Well, when you've seen as many as I've seen—ah, and done—"

"Shut your mouth!" she said to him again in a hurried sort of way. "I—I don't want to see you, or the like of you, again. I'm—I'm going to be married."

Gordon roared like a bull. "The devil you are!" he said, holding his sides. "Who to?"

"To an honest man," she answered.

"To Jack Ketch first," he said. "Why, don't you see, girl, you daren't cross me? Not another word out of you, or I'll crack you one same as I used to. Get off that bed and let me have a lie-down, and we'll go in an hour. It's as hot as the hobs of hell in this cursed country."

She kept her place.

"Get up!" he said, dragging her arm.

Suddenly she got up and ran outside. "Look, look!" she cried. "Somebody coming. Any one after you, Gordon?"

He followed her with a slightly scared look on his handsome drink-swollen face. "No," he parried. "Not that I know. Why, there's nothing. What does the woman—"

Swift as a cat she flung herself on the mattress she had just left—on which she had now for weeks been sleeping. Gus saw her fingers working furiously, and then she was still. "She's in one of her paddies," he thought. "And no wonder!"

The man came back, and flung her off with a coarse jest. He spread his huge limbs on the bed. Almost immediately Gus heard him begin to snore.

On that, Gus got up carefully and foot by foot slithered away from the house. When he was a little way off, he saw Verena come running through the *kuru-kuru* grass and the trailing clematis. He waited till she came up.

"Don't come back," she told him, holding one hand to her breast. "There's a—there's a bad man there. Wait till he's gone. He'll go in an hour or so."

"He came after you?" Nobby knew, but he wanted to hear her say it.

She nodded. "But I'm not going with him," she flared out suddenly. "I used to be fond of him. I'd have done anything I did—" She checked on that; went on: "You're good to a woman, Gus."

"You'll stay with me? Get married, and stop here where there's nobody can't never say, 'Do this,' nor 'Don't do that,' nor 'Why did you done it?' to you or me?"

He was transformed; he had almost risen to eloquence, seeing her there, with her hands held out to him, and her little feet—those feet that he had tended, "like something in the Bible"—drawing nearer to him. In another moment he would have her in his arms, and he would never—

Suddenly she sprang back. "He's coming!" she said.

GORDON came lumbering down the hill, like a great bull to look at, with his sloped head and smoldering eyes. "So that's your fancy man," he said, and took no more notice of Gus. In his hand he held a crowned goura, slain with a stick. "You cook that for my dinner," he said to Verena. "I've heard they're fine eating. And illegal eating too, which makes them better."

"Are you going to be here for dinner?" she demanded.

"I am. And maybe longer. There's something about the look of this bit of country that— Never mind." He pulled out a black cigar, bit it, lighted it, and stuck it in one corner of his mouth. He looked round him as if he had just bought the valley and was estimating its worth.

The heart of Gus stood still. He knew that appraising, possessive look.

Gordon said, smoking with slow enjoyment and talking as it were to himself: "There were women twice as fancy as you on the Rand, and the Klondike—though I was a nipper then." He stared about him, hummed a little tune. "It would be down that creek that I'd begin," he said. He was still speaking as if to himself. Gus and Verena might not have been there.

Gus swallowed two or three times quickly; his throat felt dry. So it had happened—the thing that he had feared. "They" had come; "they" very soon would find out. He'd lose the little bit of gold. But far worse was the thought of losing the secret place "behind the ranges." Of seeing it crowded with white men and black, carriers, storekeepers, prospectors, surveyors, government men. Of the dull boom of dynamite tearing up rocks where yellow candle-flowers aspired, and grasses that were thick with wild clematis. Of the end of everything—the murder of his peace.

Gus had not lived in New Guinea for nothing; he knew about reward claims. But he had small faith in such. "They" would contrive to get the best of him. And what did he need more, in any case, than that which he had, if only he were allowed to keep it?

Verena seemed quite pleased, and that was the last straw. She took the bird from Gordon, said she'd cook it by and by; told him he was a wonder to find out things, and laughed quite naturally as she spoke.

"We'll go and look at the creek by and by," she said, "and first we'll get some more of these birds. There's a gun in the house."

She didn't ask Gus for the gun; she went away with scarcely a glance at him.

"Are gouras so good?" Gus heard the man saying, and Verena answered, smacking her lips, "Prime! you'll eat one all to yourself."

They took the shotgun, and a sack for game bag. Gor-

don told Verena to carry the gun and bag, and strolled on in front, hands swinging loose, staring as he went at the rock formations, and now and then kicking up a pebble, taking it in his fingers and closely examining it.

As for Augustus Noble, he went back to the deserted hut, and sat there on a box, his head between his hands. He wondered, as men wonder who have met with a grave accident, how it came that he was not suffering more. There was no pain at all; he was simply numb.

Above his head, as he sat by the open door, a hornbill passed, making a noise like a plane. From the forest came the flash of orange wings and the shriek of a bird of paradise. He sat on. The shyer things of the bush—iguanas, clown-faced and bandy-legged, wallabies with dangling paws and noses like terriers—went scrambling, hopping past him where he sat. He did not move.

After a long while there came the sound of a shot; one only. Then the noon silence, like a warm cloak, fell again and wrapped the earth. Nobby Gus, his fingers picking against one another, began to think consciously. He wondered if it hurt to shoot yourself—if the trick of tying a string to the trigger and pulling it with your toe was difficult. One wouldn't want to bungle it.

The friar birds began complaining in the tops of the trees; locusts chattered; the heat of the day declined. From the summits of the Astrolabe a small cool breeze crept down. Nobby lifted his eyes to those speedwell-painted peaks, thinking vaguely of an old song he had heard when he was a boy—something about the blue Alsatian mountains, and how things passed away, but they watched and waited always.

Somebody said beside him, very quietly, "Gus!" And he jumped to his feet and flung out his arms.

When he let her go, he saw that she had remained very pale all through his hugging and kissing, and that there was a curious brightness in her eyes—as if she saw something that he didn't see, a long way off.

"Where's he gone?" Gus asked, although he did not care to know. It was enough that the sight of him was removed.

"Gone for good," she said. "We all go when we must." And then she laughed. He didn't know what she meant; he did not care. She was here, and the great brute was not. Tending the supper fire by and by, he asked some trivial question. She did not hear him. She was talking foreign languages to herself; a habit which filled him with wonder.

"What was you saying?" he asked fondly as he put the fried meat upon a dish and motioned to her to sit down at the bamboo table.

She said very rapidly something that sounded like "Snay ke le premmy pass ke coot."

"By gum, you are a one," he told her. "And what does it mean?"

"It means," she said deliberately, helping herself—"it means that when you've done a thing once there's not much difficulty about doing it again."

"Like ridin' a bike. Or shootin'," he illustrated.

"Like shooting," she said.

Next morning she told him, "Gus, I must go away. I have to take that horse back again."

"Didn't he ride it?"

"No. He went a shorter way."

"Where'll you take it to?"

"Same way. Look for old Bob about sundown."

He said he would have everything ready for her when she came back that night. She sprang without his help astride upon the dun. Leading the bright bay horse, she rode away.

Later there was a shot, but Nobby did not hear it. In the bush, five miles from behind-the-ranges, the bright bay sank his head upon the ground and died.

AT sundown Bob came back, tired and half lame and riderless. About his neck was tied a little parcel wrapped in torn silk. Nobby, stabbed through with fear, plucked it off and opened it. A little handful of dull gold nuggets, wrapped round with a tress of hair as gold as they.

He stood there in the falling twilight, bemused. "But—" he said to himself; and again, "But—she knew all along! She was hiding them from him!"

His mind, not so dull now, flashed along the wires of a hundred hidden half-remembered incidents. Almost he understood.

Stoutly he said, "She was like a angel to me. She was a angel. And what she done she done for me. And I'll wait till I see them little feet of hers come up the hill again, if it's ten years."

Ten years have not passed. Ten years are a long time. Verena Graham, alias Vera George, alias Marguerite de Ray, "a woman of prepossessing appearance," finds five years slow in passing within the prison appropriately named Long Bay, even though she expects to get out after three and a half. She had meant to come back, once cleared from the charge of willful murder of one Violet Clifford.

The gang stood by her; the alibi proved watertight. But there were other charges hanging over her. Assisting in a burglary was one—and they got her on that.

It may be, when the years are passed, that she will return to the hut behind-the-ranges, and find it empty. It may be that she will not return at all.

Gus Noble, sitting alone outside his door on moonlight nights, and looking at the silver crescent that slides slowly down the sky, thinks of her often; tells himself:

"It was all as if the moon had 'a' dropped right down into me hands."

He has never heard of Endymion.

THE END


## $50 IN PRIZES

WE want your honest opinion about the contents of Liberty, and we are willing to pay for it. Our aim is to make Liberty the most outstandingly interesting magazine published in America. You can help us.

First read the contents of this issue and consider each feature in it: editorial—stories—articles—contests—everything, except advertising, between its covers. Then sit down and write us a letter. It won't take you more than ten minutes.

In your letter please tell us:

1. Which, in your opinion, are the best three features, and why.
2. Which is the least interesting, and why.
3. Our best points—our faults.
4. Your constructive ideas on how to make the magazine better.

We are offering a first prize of $15, a second prize of $10, a third prize of $5, and twenty prizes of $1 each.

Prizes will be awarded upon the basis of constructiveness, interest, and practicability.

To be considered in this contest your letter must reach us on or before December 15, 1933.

Address: Liberty Constructive Criticism Contest, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.


## TWENTY QUESTIONS

**Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

1—Who invented the autogyro?

2—How long was William Henry Harrison President of the United States?

3—What does the abbreviation *i. e.* stand for?

4—What does the word chirography mean?

5—Who was the author of Lalla Rookh?

6—What is a trilith?

7—By whom are Bibles placed in hotel rooms?

8—What does the word mutation mean?

9—Who was Mendel, and why was he important?

10—What is ambergris and in what is it used?

11—Moribund means what?

12—The expression "sent to Coventry" means what?

13—Do other forms of animal life aside from birds have annual migrations?

14—Who discovered Florida?

15—What is a spa?

16—The word anserine has what meaning?

17—Who discovered the south pole?

18—What is a hydrometer?

19—The word *merci* means what, and in what language?

20—What is a tourniquet?

*(Answers will be found on page 34)*

# ATWATER KENT

## RADIO

**NOT DAYS...**
**NOT MONTHS...**
**BUT YEARS** *of*
*happiness...*

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

● MODEL 310 (at left) — 10 tubes. Lowest priced of Atwater Kent's larger console models that bring the fidelity of broadcast receiving close to the ideal of perfect musical reproduction. Shadow tuning lets you *see* the exact dialing point for each station.

● MODEL 510 (top center)—10 tubes. Said by many to be the most beautiful radio they've ever seen. Oversized speaker, correct acoustical area, shadow tuning and new *silent* superheterodyne circuit that reduces static and interference noises to a minimum.

● MODEL 275 (center) — 5 tubes. For A C or D C. This smart, small radio can be installed anywhere. Beautiful cabinet of two-tone walnut with black wood trim and metal inlays. Large speaker gives it excellent tone. Automatic volume control, police tuning.

● MODEL 708 (at right) — 8 tubes. Regular *full*-sized, *full* performance ALL WAVE Atwater Kent in small cabinet. Not only receives standard broadcasting and local short wave broadcasting --but foreign also. Its tremendous power brings the world to you.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY • A. ATWATER KENT, PRES. • 4700 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# *This* Crisis

*(Reading time: 7 minutes 30 seconds.)*

FOR more than fifty years I have been active in politics, and my experience embraces the period of Civil War reconstruction, the Great War itself, and its aftermath. But at no time has the political stage been of greater interest than at present.

We are going through a social revolution—a revolution none the less potential because so far it has been peaceful. The temper of our people has been admirable and worthy of the traditions of our powerful democracy.

Only the seasoned observers are impressed by the creditable part that Congress has played in these stirring days. When President Roosevelt called Congress in extra session, the members responded to the overwhelming sentiment of the country in a generous and statesmanlike way.

The situation was perilous and demanded immediate action. The difficulties confronting the President had to be met at once, and Congress gave him semidictatorial powers.

The farsighted leaders in both the Senate and the House knew that our scheme of government as conceived by the fathers of the Republic could not work effectively in such a crisis.

In the beginning our civilization was almost wholly rural and moved with the slowness of the stagecoach era. Today the influence of the railroads, motors, airplanes, and radio upon our movements, our habits, and our thoughts has brought swift changes, and we have had to adjust ourselves to them without much change in our Constitution.

Congress has not abdicated nor given to the Executive powers which cannot be rescinded at any moment. It delegated to the President the right to make quick decisions when quick decisions are essential. But it has been careful to specify the areas in which the decisions are to be made, always reserving the right of ratification. Meanwhile it has kept open every channel of public opinion. And, as a result, the United States has regained its enviable position as the most powerful and influential nation on earth.

It is almost pathetic to see the confidence which the people of all nations have in our ability to bring things back to the normal. They should not expect a miracle,

## The Man Who Guided Wilson's Hand Gives Thanks for the "New Deal"

# By COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

but if our leadership is followed clean through, conditions for the better are certain to come. The President knows where he wants to go, and he has the will to get there.

Let us not forget that this is no ordinary crisis and to meet it and successfully ride through it calls for unusual means. The President knows this, Congress knows it, and the sooner we all adjust ourselves to the new order of things the better it will be. We shall never go back to the stagecoach method. Those hopefully looking forward to a return to old conditions will be disappointed.

There will never again be in the hands of the few such freedom of action as there has been in the past. It was tolerated longer than it would have been if the masses had not been swept along by the tide of buoyant enthusiasm which maintained that poverty was soon to be definitely eliminated and that the general possession of wealth was to be merely a matter of degree.

When that dream was shattered, there came the demand for regulation and control. The prophets of unlimited prosperity became objects of derision, and wonder was felt at the credulity which had accepted their predictions.

There has arisen a new school of thought led by such virile and aggressive young men as the La Follettes of Wisconsin, Hutchins of the University of Chicago, and their like in every state of the Union. These men look upon President Roosevelt with hope and confidence but with a certain amount of reservation. They applaud what he is doing and the manner of his doing it, and are looking eagerly forward to what should come. They are distrustful of some of his advisers, politicians of the old school. While the President has a certain number of such men around him, I believe he knows that their day is over, and that men of the stamp of Hutchins and the La Follettes will hold the reins of government in the not distant future.

If this crisis has awakened our people to a sense of their responsibility it will have been worth while. Until now the people have not taken enough interest in their governmental affairs to control them. Many of those who took an interest were accustomed to a party boss and often became his tools. They were quite content to live under a negative government—negative to such an extent as to make it nearly impossible for the desires of the citizens to be written into law.

AN instance of this was the early struggle over the income tax. The demand for such a tax was finally compelling, and both the Senate and the House of Representatives passed the measure and the President signed the bill. However, the Supreme Court found the law unconstitutional and the struggle went on. It was many years before it was finally settled. If a well defined majority of the voters of France, England, or many another country, working under a less negative government, had wanted such a law they could have got it much more speedily.

It will be the business of the younger men of whom I spoke to see that our machinery is geared up to meet the needs of the times. One of the necessary changes is to make it legal for members of the President's Cabinet to sit in the House of Representatives at their pleasure but without the right to vote. In addition, a Cabinet member so sitting should have the right to introduce bills that should be referred to the House as a whole instead of to a committee. All legislation should originate in the House.

The House of Representatives should convene earlier after an election. At present Congress does not regularly convene until one year and one month after it is elected, no matter how pressing the issue, unless the President calls it in special session.

We do not want radical or undigested laws that may carry us we know not where in the legislative field, but we do want to rid ourselves of a lot of cumbersome material intended only to block progress.

Roosevelt has a keen political instinct, and senses the fact that if he is to accomplish what he has in mind in the foreign and domestic fields he must use every source of influence that he can command. Therefore, with the sure hand of an adroit statesman, he makes each political group feel that at heart he is with them, and that if he cannot go all the way they desire to go, he will go part way, and will count on their coöperation to help him achieve his ends. Not only is he doing this with American leaders, but he is using much the same method in dealing with the leaders of European governments.

THE autocratic rule of the few is of the past. A dictator is not excluded in the new scheme of things, but he must be a dictator whose plans embrace the welfare of the entire nation. He must be of the new order. Unless Congress had been wise enough to meet the present emergency as it has, a dictatorship would have been the next thought of a large part of our people. And it might easily have been a dictator of the extreme radical group rather than a Wilson or a Roosevelt. Our official family is doing its best to carry us on to safer ground and calmer days.

Europe has been trying to reach a satisfactory solution by the old methods. It cannot be done, and the President is trying, gently and diplomatically, to impress Europe with that fact.

Again, he is determined that the nations of Europe shall know what we think about their excessive armaments and the bearing that question has on peace and on the economic outlook. In this day of quick communication there can be no such thing as complete isolation of a nation with infinite natural resources and unequaled industrial development.

We need not become entangled in Europe's local quarrels, but we must make ourselves felt.

Our President's policy will not only be of advantage to us in an economic sense, but it will give us a moral standing that will be immensely stimulating to our pride. It may easily come about that when our President speaks, it will be considered the voice of all mankind.

In a recent editorial the Vancouver Sun, a Canadian journal of much influence, said in part:

> President Roosevelt's thought and talk and technique are economic and social. What Franklin Roosevelt is trying to do is swing the world away from war and war thought towards economic recovery. If the world rejects Roosevelt's leadership, it will stay exactly where it is today, and humanity will continue to suffer and retrogress. If the world accepts the new leadership of the United States, it will be a new world indeed, and a new deal for humanity.

This is merely an echo of what is being said today in every part of the globe.

It may well be that in the years to come Americans will consider the hardships of this economic and social revolution well worth while.

THE END

# JEERING, JO

## Jean Harlow in a Satiric Farce of His Best Pictures; Another Story

By BEVER

*Frank Morgan, Jean Harlow, and Pat O'Brien in Bombshell, in which Miss Harlow outdoes herself.*

*(Reading time: 7 minutes 40 seconds.)*

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

### ★★★ BOMBSHELL

THE PLAYERS: Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Frank Morgan, Franchot Tone, Pat O'Brien, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Ivan Lebedeff, Isabel Jewell, Louise Beavers, Leonard Carey, Mary Forbes, C. Aubrey Smith, June Brewster. Directed by Victor Fleming.

THE most convincing evidence that the fantastic stories most of you hear about Hollywood are untrue lies in the fact that when Hollywood sets out to jeer at itself it does it infinitely more skillfully than any one else.

Bombshell presents a portrait of a movie star in terms of satiric farce. In the library of pictures about the picture business it fits between Merton of the Movies and Once in a Lifetime, less tender-hearted than the first, sharper than the second, and as funny as either.

Lola Burns, the heroine of Bombshell, is surrounded by so many phony people and involved in so many phony situations that she has become almost entirely phony herself. Her press agent, Lee Tracy, builds up situations between two of the men who are in love with her in order to keep her name in the headlines connected with as much scandal as possible. In her blurred, irritable way, Lola dislikes her notoriety. She prefers something else and wonders what it is, until one day a woman interviewer asks her whether she has never felt a yearning to hear the patter of tiny feet. Lola decides to adopt a baby.

What makes Bombshell a really first-rate picture is the way a situation like this one is handled. It ends up with two inspectors, who come to see whether Lola Burns is a fit guardian for an infant, deciding to the contrary when they are affronted by her drunken father, insulted by a girl her wastrel brother has brought home, and scandalized by a fight between two of Lola's suitors.

All this farcical uproar is made infinitely more effective by a scene which has just preceded it. Lola, visiting an orphanage, picks up a small brat and allows it to claw her nose. You see immediately that the picture of herself as a mother has become so entrancing that she takes it seriously, and that, in her addle-headed way, she will be broken-hearted at not being able to keep the child.

An even more preposterous situation of the same sort develops later in the picture when Lola decides to run away from it all, and her press agent—who loves her himself, if only because she is such grand material for him to work with—arranges a thwarted romance to shame her into coming back to work. Jean Harlow, who is rapidly turning into Hollywood's smartest comédienne, gives the best performance of her career as Lola. Lee Tracy as her press agent is as satisfactory as usual.

*The Way to Love—Chevalier's best, or nearly so. Ann Dvorak and George Rigas are shown with him.*

### ★★★ THE WAY TO LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Maurice Chevalier, Ann Dvorak, Edward Everett Horton, Arthur Pierson, Minna Gombell, Blanche Friderici, Nydia Westman, George Rigas, John Miljan, Sidney Toler, Billy Bevan, Arthur Housman. Directed by Norman Taurog.

Whatever difficulties there may have been between Chevalier and Jeannette MacDonald and Ernst Lubitsch appear to have been for the advantage of all parties so far as this picture is concerned. The Way to Love may not be the best picture Chevalier ever made, but it is certainly one of the best. Norman Taurog seems to have gotten away from the idea that the chief charm of Chevalier's acting resides in the fact that his lower lip sticks out, and somewhere in the making of The Way to Love a light, easy-going and appealing humor, quite different from Lubitsch's careful "touches," crept into the story. It emerges as a somewhat wild account of the adventures of a Paris vagabond who loves the city he lives in so much that his chief ambition is to become a tourists' guide. Chevalier's fixation on this subject leads him to follow busloads of visitors in the streets, sneer at their uniformed attendants, and haunt the offices of a tourist agency. It supplies the whole suspense in the earlier parts of the picture. Later on, a romance with Ann Dvorak, the ward of a knife-thrower in a street fair, crops up, but even this does not interrupt the chain of airy unreasonable incidents that leads up to the day Chevalier is told a job and a guide's uniform await him.

The kind of gayety that runs through The Way to Love is hard to define, but since it could quite easily be described as whimsical, and since whimsical when applied to a moving picture usually means that the director and the cast had different ideas about what was funny, it may be as well to explain a little bit about what happens.

Ann Dvorak's rival for Chevalier's attentions is Nydia Westman, a country girl who has come to Paris for the

# VIAL, JESTING

## bout Hollywood; Chevalier in One f Broadway, and a War Drama

## Y HILLS

purpose of getting married and is only hindered in attaining her object by a habit of breaking into a fit of the squeals every time matrimony is mentioned in her presence. Chevalier is a sandwich man when the picture starts. His employer is an eccentric shopkeeper who gets drunk with his hired hand and eventually enables Chevalier to patch up certain romantic difficulties with Ann Dvorak. Chevalier finds Dvorak back at her old job in the fair and makes love to her while her guardian is outlining her profile with a handful of knives.

Chevalier and Edward Everett Horton, his employer, invent the game of checkers played with liqueur glasses. None of these activities sound comical in print, but the fact that they are laughable in The Way to Love may give you some idea of whether you will like the picture.

### ★★½ BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE

THE PLAYERS: Constance Cummings, Russ Columbo, Paul Kelly, Blossom Seeley, Gregory Ratoff, Texas Guinan, Hugh O'Connell, Hobart Cavanaugh, C. Henry Gordon, William Burress, Helen Jerome Eddy, Frances Williams. Directed by Lowell Sherman.

Broadway Through a Keyhole turns out to be a sentimental little anecdote, slick, comic, urban, and profoundly minor-league. What there was about it that caused Al Jolson to assault Walter Winchell last summer will remain one of Hollywood's less important mysteries, because it is hard to see how any one could have mistaken the personages in Broadway Through a Keyhole for real people. They are the same papery nonentities that you have seen a thousand times before—the strong silent big-hearted gangster, the sweet and innocent chorus girl, the cabaret crooner who is a coward until called upon to fight for his ladylove. The only new twist in the story consists of having the crooner persuade the gangster to give up his girl by means of two minutes of serious conversation in her dressing room.

What makes Broadway Through a Keyhole pleasant entertainment despite its many and obvious faults is a certain sincerity, an attitude at once knowing and naïve, which is the essence of a certain Broadway mood and which gives the picture authenticity beneath its surface of stock characters and old gags. It is hard to find concrete examples of exactly what we mean; one might be the idea of making the gangster one of those sentimentalists who sighs deeply every time he sees the signboard trapeze at Forty-seventh Street; another would be the character of a chorus director who regards himself as a genius and drills his dancers in a long white maternity sweater embossed with his initials. Curiously enough, in a picture which Walter Winchell was supposed to have written, the excerpts from his column which are used sound like something in a department-store house organ. The dances, staged by Jack Haskell, are pretty, the tunes passable. Texas Guinan has a good bit and Gregory Ratoff's deep-dish Hebrew accent is superb.

### ★★ EVER IN MY HEART

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Otto Kruger, Ralph Bellamy, Ruth Donnelly, Frank Albertson, George Cooper, Wallis Clark, Laura Hope Crews. Directed by Archie Mayo.

This is a war picture, vintage of 1922, about a German professor who marries an American girl and meets her again when she is a canteen worker in France and he is a German spy. Barbara Stanwyck's acting and a sad little German song that Otto Kruger sings to her give it a validity that the story lacks because it depends on coincidence, dead babies, and a wartime hysteria that, however real it may have been, seems impossible now.

*Constance Cummings and Russ Columbo in Broadway Through a Keyhole—another gag-and-gangster film.*

### FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens.

★★★—I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother.

*Ever in My Heart, a war picture, receives needed support from Barbara Stanwyck and Otto Kruger.*

# Tarzan *and*

## The Best of All the Tarzan Stories—Don't Miss the Thrill of Following This Strange and Glamorous Adventure!

*(Reading time: 32 minutes 29 seconds.)*

MILTON SMITH, head of a moving-picture company, decides to produce a picture in the African jungle. He sends Tom Orman to direct, Naomi Madison for the feminine lead, and Rhonda Terry to double for her. The male lead is Stanley Obroski, the Lion Man. Pat O'Grady, Bill West, Gordon Z. Marcus, Major White, Clarence Noice, and Jerrold Baine are other members of Orman's staff.

The safari pushes on into the African wilds, entering the country of the Basutos, against the advice of Major White, a big-game hunter. The blacks attack them, killing a number of the Arab soldiers forming the guard. After a night of terror the caravan proceeds, and the Basutos again attack, killing Major White. The second night the black porters, two hundred strong, desert the safari.

Orman reorganizes the caravan and they press forward through the forest. About noon they reach an open section in the jungle. Tall grass replaces the trees. The adventurers rejoice in getting out of the jungle; but as they are congratulating themselves, the Basutos attack in force, showing themselves for the first time and trying to rush the caravan.

### Part III—The Lion Man Faces the Grim Destroyer

A DRIVER near the head of the column toppled from his seat with an arrow through his heart. His truck veered to the left and went careening off into the midst of the savages.

Rifles cracked, men shouted and cursed, the wounded screamed. The column stopped, that every man might use his rifle. Naomi Madison slipped to the floor of the car. Rhonda drew her revolver and fired into the faces of the onrushing blacks. A dozen men hurried to the defense of the car that carried the two girls.

Some one shouted, "Look out! They're on the other side too." Rifles were turned in the direction of the new threat. The fire was continuous and deadly. The Basutos, almost upon them, wavered and fell back. A fusillade of shots followed them as they disappeared into the dense grass—and found many of them.

It was soon over; perhaps the whole affair had not lasted two minutes. But it had wrought havoc with the company. A dozen men were dead or dying, a truck was wrecked, the morale of the little force was shattered.

Orman turned the command of the advance guard over to West and hurried back down the line to check up on casualties. O'Grady was running forward to meet him.

"We'd better get out of here, Tom!" he cried. "Those devils may fire the grass."

Orman paled. He had not thought of that. "Load the dead and wounded on to the nearest cars and get going!" he ordered. "We'll have to check up later."

The relief that the party had felt when they entered the grassy clearing was equaled only by that which they experienced when they left it to pull into the dense soggy forest, where the menace of fire at least was reduced to a minimum. Then O'Grady went along the line with his roster of the company, checking the living and the dead. The bodies of Noice, Baine, seven other Americans, and three Arabs were on the trucks.

"Obroski!" shouted O'Grady. "Obroski! Has any one seen Obroski?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Gordon Z. Marcus. "I saw him. I remember now. When those devils came up on our left, he jumped out of the other side of the car and ran off into that tall grass."

Orman started back toward the rear of the column.

"Where you goin', Tom?" demanded West.

"To look for Obroski."

"You can't go alone. I'll go with you."

Half a dozen others accompanied them. But though they searched for the better part of an hour they found no sign of Obroski either dead or alive.

Silent, sad, and gloomy, the company found a poor camping site late in the afternoon. When they spoke, they spoke in subdued tones, and there was no joking or laughing. Glumly they sat at table when supper was announced; and few appeared to notice and none commented upon the fact that the famous Naomi Madison waited on them.

WE are all either the victims or the beneficiaries of heredity and environment. Stanley Obroski was one of the victims. Heredity had given him a mighty physique, a noble bearing, and a handsome face. Environment had sheltered and protected him throughout his life. Also, every one with whom he had come in contact had admired his great strength and attributed to him courage commensurate with it.

Never until the past few days had Obroski been confronted by an emergency that might test his courage; and so all his life he had been wondering if his courage would measure up to what was expected of it.

When the first shower of arrows fell among the cars of the safari, Obroski leaped from the opposite side of the automobile in which he was riding and disappeared among the tall grasses that hemmed them in on both sides.

As he pushed blindly forward he was unthinking as a terrified animal bent only upon escape. But he had covered only a few yards when he ran directly into the arms of a giant black warrior.

Here indeed was an emergency. The black was as surprised as Obroski. He probably thought that all the whites were charging to the attack. He was terrified. He wanted to flee. But the white was too close; so he leaped for him, calling loudly to his fellows as he did so.

It was too late for Obroski to escape the clutching fingers of the black. If he didn't do something the man would kill him! If he could get rid of the fellow he could run back to the safari. He *must* get rid of him!

The black had seized him by his clothes, and now Obroski saw a knife in the fellow's free hand. Death stared him in the face! Heretofore Obroski's dangers had always been more or less imaginary; now he was faced with a stark reality.

Terror galvanized his mind and his giant muscles into instant action. He seized the black and lifted him above his head; then he hurled him heavily to the ground.

The black, fearful of his life, started to rise. And

BY EDGAR RIC

ILLUSTRATIONS B

# *the* Lion Man

But this one-sided battle could not go on for long. Slowly, by force of numbers, they closed upon Obroski. They seized his ankles and at last they dragged him down.

Obroski, equally fearful of his own, lifted him again high overhead and again cast him down. As he did so a half dozen blacks closed upon him from the tall surrounding grasses and bore him to the earth.

His mind half numb with terror, Obroski fought like a cornered rat. The blacks were no match for his great muscles. He seized them and tossed them aside; then he turned to run. But the black he had first hurled to the ground reached out and seized him by an ankle, tripping him. Then the others were upon him again, and more came to their assistance. They held him by force of numbers and bound his hands behind him.

At last they dragged him to his feet. Why they did not kill him he could not guess—then. They seemed a little awed by his great size and strength. They jabbered much among themselves as they led him away toward the forest.

Obroski heard the savage war cries of the main body as it attacked the safari and the crack of rifles that told him that his fellows were putting up a spirited defense. A few bullets whirred close, and one of his captors lunged forward with a slug in his heart.

They took him into the forest and along a winding trail, where presently they were overtaken by other members of the tribe.

Stanley Obroski was so terrified that he walked as one in a trance, giving no outward sign of any emotion; but the blacks thought that his manner was indicative of the indifference of great bravery.

At last a very large warrior overtook them. He was resplendent in paint and feathers, in many necklaces and armlets and anklets. He bore an ornate shield, and his spear and his bow and the quiver for his arrows were more gorgeously decorated than those of his fellows.

But it was his commanding presence and his air of authority more than these that led Obroski to infer that he was a chief. As he listened to those who had made the capture he examined the prisoner with savage disdain. Then he spoke commandingly to those about him and strode on. The others followed, and afterward

BURROUGHS

RAY DEAN

none threatened to harm the white man. All afternoon they marched deeper and deeper into the gloomy forest. The cords about Obroski's wrists cut into the flesh and hurt him. Another cord about his neck, by which a savage led him, was far too tight for comfort; and when the savage jerked it, as he occasionally did, Obroski was half choked.

Presently Obroski heard shouting ahead, and a moment later the trail debouched on to a clearing in the center of which was a palisaded village of conical straw-thatched huts. It was late in the afternoon, and Obroski knew that they must have covered considerable distance since his capture. He wondered, in the event that he escaped or they released him, if he could find his way back to the trail of the safari. He had his doubts.

As they entered the village, women and children pressed forward to see him. They shouted at him. From the expressions on the faces of many of the women he judged that they were reviling and cursing him.

The warriors guarding him beat his assailants off as they conducted him down the single street of the village to a hut near the far end. Here they motioned him to enter. But the doorway was so low that one might only pass through it on hands and knees, and as his hands were fastened behind his back, that was out of the question for him. So they threw him down and dragged him in. Then they bound his ankles and left him.

THE interior of the hut was dark, but as his eyes became accustomed to the change from daylight he was able to see his surroundings dimly. It was then that he became aware that he was not alone in the hut. Within the range of his vision he saw three figures, evidently men.

Presently one of them spoke. "How the Basuto get you, Bwana Simba?" It was the name the blacks of the safari had given him because of the part that he was to take in the picture—that of the Lion Man.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Obroski sternly.

"Kwamudi," replied the speaker.

"Kwamudi! Well, it didn't do you much good to run away—" He almost added "either" but stopped himself in time. "They attacked the safari shortly after noon. I was taken prisoner then. When did they get you?"

"Early this morning. I had followed my people, trying to get them to return to the safari. They killed many of my people."

"WHAT are they going to do with you? Why didn't they kill you when they killed the others?"

"They not kill you, they not kill Kwamudi, they not kill these others—yet—all for same reason."

"Why? What do they want to kill us for?"

"They eat," replied Kwamudi philosophically.

Rifles were turned in the direction of the new threat. The fire was continuous and deadly. The Basutos, almost upon them, wavered and fell back. A fusillade of shots followed them as they disappeared into the dense grass.

"Eh? You don't mean to say they're cannibals!"

"Not like some. Basuto not eat men all time; not eat all men. Only chiefs, brave men, strong men. Eat brave men, make them brave; eat strong men, make them strong; eat chiefs, make them wise."

"How horrible!" muttered Obroski. "And will they keep us tied up this way until they kill us? It's mighty uncomfortable. But then, you aren't tied, are you, Kwamudi?"

"Yes, Kwamudi tied—hands and feet. That why he lean forward across his knees."

"Can you talk their language, Kwamudi?"

"A little."

"Very well; then get hold of the chief and tell him that if he keeps us tied up like this we'll get weak. He's certainly got brains enough to know that that's true. He's got plenty of warriors to guard us, and I don't see how we could get out of this village anyhow—not with all those harpies and brats hanging around."

Kwamudi understood enough of what the white man had said to get the main idea. "First time I get a chance, I tell him," he said. *(Continued on page twenty-four)*

# HIS SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

NOW A THING OF THE PAST

1. MONDAY NIGHT
HERE I AM TOSSING AND COUNTING SHEEP AGAIN! WON'T I EVER GET TO SLEEP?
2. TUES. A.M.
NO USE TALKING, SARAH. THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE MAKING ME FEEL 10 YEARS OLDER-- SIMPLY SAPPING MY STRENGTH.
3.
I'VE GOT A TERRIBLE DAY AHEAD OF ME— AND HERE I AM, LICKED BEFORE I START.
4. TUES. NIGHT.
I'M SIMPLY "DEAD" FOR SLEEP--BUT NO USE GOING TO BED. I'LL ONLY TOSS AND TURN AND BE "ALL IN" AGAIN TOMORROW!

## ... And then .. someone told him about Ovaltine

5. WED. NIGHT
SAY THIS OVALTINE TASTES GOOD---AND NOW TO BED TO SEE IF IT WORKS LIKE EVERYBODY SAYS.
6.
10 MINUTES LATER
AND ALL THRU THE NIGHT
7. THURS. A.M.
I HAVEN'T FELT AS FRESH AS THIS IN WEEKS--- SIMPLY SLEPT LIKE A 2-YEAR-OLD ALL NIGHT!
8.
FUNNY HOW DIFFERENT EVERYTHING SEEMS WHEN YOU'VE HAD A REAL NIGHT'S SLEEP!-- BELIEVE ME, OVALTINE IS GOING TO BE MY OFFICIAL "NIGHTCAP" FROM NOW ON.

# You'll Sleep Tonight

*And Feel Like A Totally Different Person Tomorrow*

**Try This Natural, Drugless Way That Doctors Recommend--See How Much More Soundly You Sleep — How Energy Increases And Multiplies**

NOW—no need to lie awake and toss at night! For now there is a way that brings you natural sleep quickly—without drugs.

It is called Ovaltine—and acts to combat sleeplessness—in these 3 ways.

*First:* Ovaltine, taken with warm milk at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

*Second:* Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

*Third:* Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

So—if you're troubled with sleeplessness, don't suffer longer. Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. You'll sleep more soundly, probably, than you have in weeks and months. *999-RA*

**NOTE:** *Thousands of nervous people are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

**OVALTINE**

*The Swiss Food-Drink*

*Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula*

*(Continued from page twenty-two)* Obroski was thirsty and hungry, but they brought him neither water nor food. The hours dragged on. The warriors commenced to dance in celebration of their victory.

"This is no way to treat people you're going to eat," grumbled Obroski. "You ought to get 'em fat, not starve 'em thin."

"Basuto do not care about our fat," observed Kwamudi. "They eat our hearts, the palms of our hands, the soles of our feet. They eat the muscles from your arms and legs. They eat my brains." . . .

Orman and Bill West entered the cook tent after supper.

"We're going to do the dishes, Rhonda," said the director. "We're so short-handed now we got to take the K. P.s off and give 'em to Pat for guard duty. Jimmy and Shorty will stay on cooking and help with the other work."

Rhonda demurred with a shake of her head. "You boys have had a tough day. All we've done is sit in an automobile. Sit down here and smoke and talk to us—we need cheering up. The four of us can take care of the dishes. Isn't that right?" She turned toward Jimmy, Shorty, and Naomi.

"Sure!" said Jimmy and Shorty in unison.

Naomi nodded. "I've washed dishes till after midnight for a lot of Main Street bums many a time. I guess I can wash 'em for you bums too," she added with a laugh. "But, for the love o' Mike, do as Rhonda said—sit down and talk to us, and *say something funny.* I'm nearly nuts."

There was a moment's awkward silence. They could have been only a little more surprised had they seen Queen Mary turn handsprings across Trafalgar Square.

Then Tom Orman laughed and slapped Naomi on the back. "Atta girl!" he exclaimed.

Here was a new Madison. They were all sure that they were going to like her better than the old.

"I don't mind sitting down," admitted West. "And I don't mind talking. But I'm damned if I can be funny—I can't forget Clarence and Jerrold and the rest of them."

"Poor Stanley!" said Rhonda. "He won't even get a decent burial."

"He don't deserve one," growled Jimmy, who had served with the marines. "He deserted under fire."

"Let's not be too hard on him," begged Rhonda. "No one is a coward because he wants to be. It's something he can't help. We ought to pity him."

Jimmy grumbled in dissent.

Bill West grunted. "Perhaps we would if we were all stuck on him."

RHONDA turned and eyed him coolly. "He may have had his faults," she said, "but at least I never heard him say an unkind thing about any one."

"He was never awake long enough," said Jimmy contemptuously.

"I don't know what I'm going to do without him," observed Orman. "There isn't anybody in the company I can double for him."

"You don't think you're going on with the picture after what's happened, do you?" asked Naomi.

"That's what we came over here for, and that's what we're going to do, if it takes a leg," replied Orman.

"But you've lost your leading man and your heavy and your sound man and a lot more, and you haven't any guides, and you haven't any porters! If you think you can go on with a picture like that, you're just plain cuckoo, Tom."

Pat O'Grady stuck his head inside the tent. "The chief here?" he asked. "Oh, there you are! Say, Tom, Atewy says old Ghrennem will stand all the guard with his men from twelve to six if we'll take care of it from now to midnight. He wants to know if that's all right with you. Atewy says the Arabs can do better together than workin' with Americans that they can't understand."

"O. K.," replied Orman. "That's sort of decent of 'em, takin' that shift. It'll give our boys a chance to rest up before we shove off in the morning. Tell 'em we'll call 'em at midnight."

**The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 56.**

EXHAUSTED by the physical and nervous strains of the day, those members of the company that were not on guard were soon asleep. For the latter it was a long stretch to midnight, a tour of duty rendered still more trying by the deadly monotony of the almost unbroken silence of the jungle. Only faintly from great distances came the usual sounds to which they had become accustomed. It was as though they had been abandoned by even the beasts of the forest. But at last midnight came, and O'Grady awoke the Arabs. Tired men stumbled through the darkness to their blankets, and within fifteen minutes every American in the camp was deep in the sleep of utter exhaustion.

Even the unwonted activity of the Arabs could not arouse them; though, to be sure, the swart sons of the desert moved as silently as the work they were engaged upon permitted—rather unusual work it seemed for those whose sole duty it was to guard the camp.

It was full daylight before an American stirred—several hours later than it was customary for the life of the camp to begin.

Gordon Z. Marcus was the first to be up, for old age is prone to awaken earlier than youth. He had dressed hurriedly, for he had noted the daylight and the silence of the camp. Even before he came into the open he sensed that something was amiss. He looked quickly about. The camp seemed deserted. The fires had died to smoldering embers. No sentry stood on guard.

Marcus hastened to the tent occupied by Orman and O'Grady, and without formality burst into the interior. "Mr. Orman! Mr. Orman!" he shouted.

Orman and O'Grady, startled out of deep sleep by the excited voice of the old character man, threw aside their mosquito bars and leaped from their cots.

"What's wrong?" demanded Orman.

"The Arabs!" exclaimed Marcus. "They've gone! Their tents, their horses, everything!"

Neither of the other men spoke as they quickly slipped into their clothes and stepped out into the open. Orman looked quickly about the camp.

"They must have been gone for hours," he said. "The fires are out." Then he shrugged. "We'll have to get along without them, but that doesn't mean that we've got to stop eating. Where are the cooks? Wake the girls, Marcus, please, and rout out Jimmy and Shorty."

"I thought those fellows were getting mighty considerate all of a sudden when they offered to stand guard after midnight last night," remarked O'Grady.

"I might have known there was something phony about it," growled Orman. "They played me for a sucker. I'm nothin' but a damn' boob."

"Here comes Marcus again," said O'Grady. "I wonder what's eatin' him now—he looks fussed."

And Gordon Z. Marcus was fussed. Before he reached the two men he called aloud to them.

"The girls aren't there!" he shouted. "And their tent's a mess!"

Orman turned and started on a run for the cook tent.

"They're probably getting breakfast," he explained.

But there was no one in the cook tent.

Every one was astir now, and a thorough search of the camp was made. But there was no sign of either Naomi Madison or Rhonda Terry. Bill West searched the same places again and again, unwilling to believe the abhorrent evidence of his own eyes. Orman was making a small pack of food, blankets, and ammunition.

"Why do you suppose they took them?" asked Marcus.

"For ransom, most likely," suggested O'Grady.

"I wish I was sure of that," said Orman. "But there is still a safe market for girls in Africa and Asia."

"I wonder why they tore everything to pieces so in the tent," mused Marcus. "It looks like a cyclone had struck it."

"There wasn't any fight," said O'Grady. "It would have waked some of us up if there had been."

"The Arabs were probably looking for loot," suggested Jimmy.

BILL WEST had been watching Orman. Now he too was making a pack. The director noticed it.

"What do you think you're goin' to do?" he asked.

"I'm goin' with you," replied West.

Orman shook his head. "Nothing doing! This is my funeral."

West continued his preparations without reply.

"If you fellows are going out to look for the girls, I'm goin' with you," announced O'Grady.

"Same here," said another.

The whole company volunteered.

"I'm goin' alone," announced Orman. "One man on foot can travel faster than this motorcade, and faster than men on horseback, who will have to stop and cut trail in places."

"But what in hell can one man do after he catches up with those rats?" demanded O'Grady. "He'll just get himself killed. He can't fight 'em all!"

"I don't intend to fight," replied Orman. "I got the girls into this mess by not using my head; I'm going to use it to get them out. Those Arabs will do anything for money, and I can offer them more for the girls than they can hope to get from any one else."

O'Grady scratched his head. "I guess you're right, Tom."

"Sure I'm right. You are in charge of the outfit while I'm away. Get it to the Omwamwi Falls and wait there for me. You'll be able to hire natives there. Send a runner back to Jinja by the southern route with a message for the studio telling what's happened and asking for or-


# They said we were crazy to bring out a new SHAVING CREAM—

# BUT IT'S GOING PLACES ALREADY!

## *TRY IT AT OUR EXPENSE*

It takes nerve to enter the shaving cream field today; competition is fierce; a cream must be exceptional or fail automatically. Advisors said we were crazy to even think of trying to crash a field so crowded.

Nevertheless we entered that field with Listerine Shaving Cream. We have never regretted it.

We want you to believe, as we believe, that no cream at any price can offer so much shaving comfort. The only way that you can be the judge is to try the cream itself—at our expense. We therefore offer you a tube containing 15 free shaves.

Already nearly 500,000 men have switched from former favorites to Listerine Shaving Cream. In every case a trial tube convinced them of its outstanding superiority. You, too, will discover it. There's simply no getting away from it.

When you get your trial tube of Listerine Shaving Cream, note how quickly it lathers . . . with brush or without. In hot water, warm water, cold water — even ice water. Note how that balmy, satin-like lather lasts—does not dry, harden, or "fall down"; thick, creamy, soothing, at all times.

Be on the lookout, too, for that delightfully cool, fresh feeling that this unusual cream imparts to the skin; no redness, no rawness, no burning.

See how little of it you have to use to get the perfect shave.

Lastly, bear in mind that the regular size tube contains 104 shaves and sells for 25¢. That's the common sense price for a quality product. To pay more is folly.

# 15 SHAVES FREE

# LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

**CLIP COUPON NOW**

Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. L-11-S
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Below is my name and address. Please send me, free and postpaid, your large sample tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

_____

_____

_____

TO HELP GUARD AGAINST FLU

Use Daily

LAVORIS

It's Different

The unique throat-*purging* action of this gargle keeps tissues in a clean, hygienic and resistant condition.

PERSONAL

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by anyone but myself. Neither will I be responsible if any member of my family complains of a bad corn. I've told them all to use *Blue-Jay.

Everybody should use *Blue-Jay for corns—the minute they appear. Blue-Jay is the truly scientific, safe, mild corn remover. Pain stops instantly, corn is gone in 3 days. Made by Bauer & Black, famous surgical dressing house.

Write Bauer & Black, Department L11, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, for free booklet and interesting foot exercise pictures.

FOR BEST RESULTS . . .
Advertise in Liberty
*America's Best Read Weekly!*

Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings prompt relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. Itching stops the moment Zemo touches the tender and inflamed skin because of its rare ingredients. To clear away Rashes, Pimples, Eczema, Ringworm and restore the skin to normal, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

ders if I don't show up again in thirty days."

"You're not going without breakfast!" demanded Marcus.

"No; I'll eat first," replied Orman.

"How about grub?" shouted O'Grady.

"Comin' right up!" yelled back Shorty from the cook tent.

Orman ate hurriedly, giving final instructions to O'Grady between mouthfuls. When he had finished he got up, shouldered his pack, and picked up his rifle.

"So long, boys!" he said.

They crowded up to shake his hand and wish him luck. Bill West was adjusting the straps of a pack that he had slung to his back. Orman eyed him.

"You can't come, Bill," he said. "This is my job."

"I'm coming along," replied West. "I won't let you!"

"You and who else?" demanded West, and then added in a voice that he tried hard to control: "Rhonda's out there somewhere."

The hard lines of grim stubbornness on Orman's face softened. "Come on, then," he said. "I hadn't thought of it that way, Bill."

The two men crossed the camp and picked up the plain trail of the horsemen moving northward. . . .

Stanley Obroski had never before welcomed a dawn with such enthusiasm.

His bones hurt him; his joints ached from long inaction and from cold. He was hungry; but he suffered more from thirst. Vermin crawled over him at will and bit him. They and the cold and the hideous noises of the mourners and the dancers and the drums had combined to deny him sleep.

Obroski woke Kwamudi, who had slept peacefully in this familiar environment. The two men conversed haltingly—mostly about their hunger and thirst.

"Yell for water and food," suggested Obroski, "and keep on yelling until they bring it."

KWAMUDI thought that might be a good plan and acted on it. After five minutes it brought results. One of the guards outside the hut was awakened. He came in saying things.

In the meantime both the other prisoners had awakened and were sitting up. One of these was nearer the hut doorway than his fellows. He therefore chanced to be the first in the path of the guard, who commenced to belabor him over the head and shoulders with the haft of his spear.

"If you make any more noise like that," said the guard, "I'll cut out the tongues of all of you!" Then he went outside and fell asleep again.

"That idea," observed Obroski, "was not so hot."

"What, bwana?" inquired Kwamudi.

The morning dragged on until almost noon, and still the village slept. It was sleeping off the effects of the previous night's orgy. But at last the women commenced to move about, making preparations for breakfast.

Fully an hour later warriors came to the hut. They dragged and kicked the prisoners into the open and jerked them to their feet after removing the bonds from their ankles. Then they led them to a large hut near the center of the village. It was the hut of Rungula, chief of the Basutos.

Rungula sat on a low stool before the doorway. Behind him were ranged the more important subchiefs; and on the flanks, forming a wide semicircle, were grouped the remainder of the warriors—a thousand savage fighting men from many a far-flung Basuto village.

RUNGULA eyed the white prisoner with scowling brows; then he spoke to him.

"What is he saying, Kwamudi?" asked Obroski.

"He is asking what you were doing in his country."

"Tell him that we were only passing through—that we are friends—that he must let us go."

When Kwamudi interpreted Obroski's speech Rungula laughed. "Tell the white man that only a chief who is greater than Rungula can say *must* to Rungula, and that there is no chief greater than Rungula.

"The white man will be killed, and so will all his people. He would have been killed yesterday had he not been so big and strong."

"He will not stay strong if he does not have food and water," replied Kwamudi. "None of us will do you any good if you starve us and keep us tied up."

Rungula thought this over and discussed it with some of his lieutenants. Then he stood up and approached Obroski. He fingered the white man's shirt, jabbering incessantly. He appeared much impressed also by Obroski's breeches and boots.

"He says for you to take off your clothes, bwana," said Kwamudi. "He wants them."

"All of them?" inquired Obroski.

"All of them, bwana."

Exhausted by sleeplessness, discomfort, and terror, Obroski had felt that nothing but torture and death could add to his misery. But now the thought of nakedness awoke him to new horrors.

"Tell him I can't take my clothes off with my hands tied behind my back."

When Kwamudi had interpreted this last, Rungula directed that Obroski's hands be released.

The white man removed his shirt and tossed it to Rungula. Then the chief pointed at his boots. Slowly Obroski unlaced and removed them, sitting on the ground to do so. Rungula became intrigued by the white man's socks and jerked these off himself.

Obroski rose and waited. Rungula felt of his great muscles and jabbered some more with his fellows. Then he called his tallest warrior and stood

him beside the prisoner. Obroski towered above the man. The blacks jabbered excitedly.

Rungula touched Obroski's breeches and grunted.

"He wants them," said Kwamudi.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, tell him to have a heart!" exclaimed Obroski. "Tell him I got to have something to wear."

Kwamudi and the chief spoke together briefly.

"Take them off, bwana," said the former. "There is nothing else you can do."

"Tell him to give me something to wear," Obroski begged.

Rungula laughed uproariously when the demand was made known to him; but he turned and called something to the women in his hut, and a moment later a little pickaninny came running out with a very dirty G string, which he threw at Obroski's feet.

Shortly after, the prisoners were returned to their hut; but their ankles were not bound again, nor were Obroski's wrists. While he was removing the bonds from the wrists of his fellow prisoners a woman came with food and water for them. Thereafter they were fed with reasonable regularity.

Monotonously the days dragged. Each slow hideous night seemed an eternity to the white prisoner. He shivered in his nakedness and sought warmth by huddling close between the bodies of two of the blacks. All of them were alive with vermin.

A week passed, and then one night some warriors came and took one of the black prisoners away. Obroski and the others watched through the doorway. The man disappeared around the corner of a hut near the chief's. They never saw him again.

The tom-toms commenced their slow thrumming. The voices of men rose in a weird chant. Occasionally the watchers caught a glimpse of savage dancers as their steps led them from behind the corner of a hut that hid the remainder of the scene.

SUDDENLY a horrid scream of agony rose above the voices of the dancers. For a half hour occasional groans punctuated the savage cries of the warriors. But at last even these ceased.

"He is gone, bwana," whispered Kwamudi.

"Yes, thank God!" muttered the white man. "What agony he must have suffered!"

The following night warriors came and took away the second black prisoner. Obroski tried to stop his ears against the sounds of the man's passing. That night he was very cold, for there was only Kwamudi to warm him on one side.

"Tomorrow night, bwana," said the black, "you will sleep alone."

"And the next night—"

"There will be none, bwana—for you."

During the cold, sleepless hours Obroski's thoughts wandered back through the past, the near past particularly. He thought of Naomi Madison, and wondered if she were grieving much over his disappearance. Something told him she was not.

The hours dragged on. Day came and went, and night came again. Obroski and Kwamudi, watching, saw warriors approaching the hut.

"They come, bwana," said the black. "Good-by!"

But this time they took both Obroski and Kwamudi. They took them to the open space before the hut of Rungula, chief of the Basutos, and tied them flat against the boles of two trees, facing each other.

HERE Obroski watched them work upon Kwamudi. He saw tortures so fiendish, so horrible, so obscene that he feared for his reason, thinking that these visions must be the figments of a mad brain. He tried to look away, but the horror of it fascinated him. And so he saw Kwamudi die.

Afterward he saw even more disgusting sights—sights that nauseated him.

It was almost morning when they removed the thongs that bound him to the tree and led him back to the hut. Then it became evident that they were not going to kill him—this night.

In the cold of the coming dawn he huddled alone on the filthy floor of his prison, sleepless and shivering; and the lice swarmed over his body unmolested. He had plumbed the nadir of misery and hopelessness and found there a dull apathy that preserved his reason.

Finally he slept. Nor did he awaken until mid-afternoon. He was warm then; and new life seemed to course through his veins, bringing new hope. Now he commenced to plan. He would not die as the others had died—like sheep led to the slaughter. The longer he considered his plan the more anxious he became to put it into execution, awaiting impatiently those who were to lead him to torture.

When he saw the warriors coming to get him, he came out of the hut and met them, a smile upon his lips.

Then they led him away as they had led the three blacks before him. . . .

Tarzan of the Apes was ranging a district that was new to him, and with the keen alertness of the wild creature he was alive to all that was strange or unusual. Upon the range of his knowledge depended his ability to cope with the emergencies of an unaccustomed environment.

For three nights he had heard the almost continuous booming of tom-toms faintly from afar; and during the day following the third night he had drifted slowly in his hunting in the direction from which the sounds had come.

He had seen something of the natives who inhabited this region. He had witnessed their methods of warfare against the whites who had invaded their territory. His sympa-


TO STOP A COLD QUICK

—*Treat it in the First or Dry Stage!*

A COLD is nothing to treat lightly. It may end in something serious. A cold is an internal infection—keep that in mind. It is an infection that usually passes thru three stages.

The first—the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second—the Watery Secretion stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third, the Mucous Secretion stage.

*The 4 Effects Necessary*

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is expressly a cold remedy and it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world. That testifies to its safety as well as efficacy.

*Now—20% More for Your Money*

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Resent a substitute as an attempt to "do" you.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

NRA

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

# How You Can MAKE MONEY At Home!

*Substantially bound — 146 pages of priceless information.*

If you are a victim (man or woman) of the recent economic depression—or a woman who wants to add to the family income—or a man or woman beyond middle age and dependent upon others—or a recent college graduate not yet located—or a student wondering how to earn your year's tuition—or a boy or girl desirous of turning your spare time into money—**no matter who you are, if you have exhausted your resources and must earn money—this book will prove a sound and helpful guide to you.**

The 1,000 practical, money-making plans outlined in its pages were not created out of the imagination. They are true reports of what thousands of people are actually doing at the present time to earn extra money. The plans have been tried, and have been found practical, successful and profitable.

## Authentic Sources

Says the author regarding this remarkable and timely work—"Exhaustive and painstaking research was necessary to obtain the 1,000 money-making suggestions comprising this book. Every available source was tapped. Special thanks and acknowledgment is extended to The U. S. Department of Labor, the Bureau of Home Economics, the Children's Bureau, the Office of Education, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, the Congressional Library, and the Superintendent of the United States Government Printing Office for supplying the writer with all available documents, bulletins and publications."

Written to fill an immediate and pressing need this exhaustive compilation and description of over one thousand ways to turn spare time into money is now available to every one needing it. No matter what your state or condition, age or sex it will offer at least one and probably many suggestions which you may be able to turn quickly into money. It has been priced so as to be within the reach of all—$1.00 postpaid in the United States and Canada—to foreign countries $1.25. Order today before the supply is exhausted.

**ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE**
**1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**
***Use the Coupon Today***

**Economy Educational League**
**1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. L 1125**

I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a copy of 1000 Money Making Ideas. I understand that my money will be refunded if the book does not prove entirely satisfactory. (Enclose $1.25 from countries other than U. S. and Canada.)

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....


thies had been neither with one side nor with the other. He had seen Orman, drunk, lashing his black porters.

Tarzan did not know these Tarmangani; and so they were even less to him than the other beasts that they would have described as lower orders but which Tarzan, who knew all orders well, considered their superiors in many aspects of heart and mind. Some passing whim, some slight incitement might have caused him to befriend them actively, as he had often befriended Numa and Sabor and Sheeta, who were by nature his hereditary enemies. But no such whim had seized him, no such incitement had occurred; and he had seen them go upon their way and had scarcely given them a thought since the last night that he had entered their camp.

He had heard the fusillade of shots that had followed the attack of the Basutos upon the safari; but he had been far away, and as he had already witnessed similar attacks during the preceding days his curiosity was not aroused and he had not investigated.

The doings of the Basutos interested him far more. The Tarmangani would soon be gone—either dead or departed. But the Gomangani would be here always; and he must know much about them if he were to remain in their country.

Lazily he swung through the trees in the direction of their village. He was alone now; for the great golden lion, Jad-bal-ja, was hunting elsewhere; hunting trouble, Tarzan thought with a half smile as he recalled the sleek young lioness that the great beast had followed off into the forest fastness.

It was dark before the ape man reached the village of Rungula. The rhythm of the tom-toms blended with a low mournful chant. A few warriors were dancing listlessly—a tentative excursion into the borderland of savage ecstasy into which they would later hurl themselves as their numbers increased with the increasing tempo of the dance.

TARZAN watched from the concealment of the foliage of a tree at the edge of the clearing that encircled the village. He was not greatly interested; the savage orgies of the blacks were an old story to him. Apparently there was nothing here to hold his attention, and he was about to turn away—when his eyes were attracted to the figure of a man who contrasted strangely with the savage black warriors of the village.

He was entering the open space where the dancers were holding forth—a tall bronzed almost naked white man surrounded by a group of warriors. He was evidently a prisoner. The ape man's curiosity was aroused. Silently he dropped to the ground and, keeping in the dense shadows of the forest well out of the moonlight, he circled to the back of the village. Here there was no life, the interest of the villagers being centered upon the activities near the chief's hut.

Cautiously but quickly Tarzan crossed the strip of moonlit ground between the forest and the palisade. The latter was built of poles sunk into the ground close together and lashed with pliant creepers. It was about ten feet high.

A few quick steps, a running jump, and Tarzan's fingers closed upon the top of the barrier. Drawing himself cautiously up, he looked over into the village. In silence he listened, sniffing the air. Satisfied, he threw a leg over the top of the palisade, and a moment later dropped lightly to the ground inside the village of Rungula the Basuto.

When the ground had been cleared for the village, a number of trees had been left standing within the palisade to afford shelter from the equatorial sun. One of these overhung Rungula's hut, as Tarzan had noticed from the forest; and it was this tree that he chose from which to examine the white prisoner more closely.

KEEPING well in the rear of the chief's hut, and moving cautiously from the shadow of one hut to that of the next, the ape man approached his goal. Even had he moved noisily the sound of his coming would have been drowned by the tom-toms and the singing; but he moved without sound, as was second nature to him.

The chance of discovery lay in the possibility that some native might not have yet left his hut to join the throng around the dancers and that such a belated one would see the strange white giant and raise an alarm. But Tarzan came to the rear of Rungula's hut unseen.

Here fortune again favored him; for, while the stem of the tree he wished to enter stood in front of the hut in plain view of the entire tribe, another smaller tree grew at the rear of the hut, and above it mingled its branches with its fellow.

As the ape man moved stealthily into the tree and out upon a great branch that would hold his weight without bending, the savage scene below unfolded itself before him. The tempo of the dance had increased. Painted warriors were leaping and stamping around a small group that surrounded the prisoner, and as Tarzan's gaze fell upon the man he experienced something in the nature of a shock. It was as though his disembodied spirit hovered above and looked down upon himself, so startling was the likeness of this man to the Lord of the Jungle.

In stature, in coloring, even in the molding of his features, he was a replica of Tarzan of the Apes; and Tarzan realized it instantly, although it is not always that we can see our own likeness in another even when it exists.

Now indeed was the ape man's interest aroused. He wondered who the man was and where he had come from. By the merest accident of chance he had not seen him when he had visited the camp of the picture

company and so he did not connect him with these people. His failure to do so might have been still further explained by the man's nakedness. The clothing that had been stripped from him might, had he still worn it, have served to place him definitely; but his nakedness gave him only fellowship with the beasts. Perhaps that is why Tarzan was inclined to be favorably impressed with him at first sight.

Obroski, unconscious that other eyes than those of black enemies were upon him, gazed from sullen eyes upon the scene around him. Here, at the hands of these people, his three fellow prisoners had met hideous torture and death. But Obroski was in no mind to follow docilely in their footsteps. He had a plan.

HE expected to die—he could find no slenderest hope for any other outcome—but he did not intend to submit supinely to torture.

Rungula squatted upon a stool, eying the scene from bloodshot eyes beneath scowling brows. Presently he shouted directions to the warriors guarding Obroski, and they led him toward the tree on the opposite side of the open space. With thongs they prepared to bind him to the bole of the tree.

And then it was that the prisoner put his plan into action—the desperate plan of a fear-maddened brain.

Seizing the warrior nearest him, he raised the man above his head as though he had been but a little child and hurled him into the faces of the others, knocking several of them to the ground. He sprang forward and laid hold upon a dancing buck, and him he flung to earth so heavily that he lay still as though dead.

So sudden, so unexpected had been his attack that it left the Basutos momentarily stunned.

Then Rungula leaped to his feet. "Seize him!" he cried. "But do not harm him."

Rungula wished the mighty stranger to die after a manner of Rungula's own choosing, not the swift death that Obroski had hoped to win by his single-handed attack upon a thousand armed warriors.

As they closed upon him, Obroski felled them to right and left with mighty blows rendered even more terrific by the fear-maddened brain that directed them.

The cries of the warriors, the screams of the women and children formed a horrid cacophony in his ears that incited him to madder outbursts of fury. The arms that reached out to seize him he seized and broke like pipestems.

He wanted to scream and curse, yet he fought in silence. He wanted to cry out against the terror that engulfed him, but he made no sound. And so, in terror, he fought a thousand men.

But this one-sided battle could not go on for long. Slowly, by force of numbers, they closed upon Obroski. They seized his ankles and his legs. At last they dragged him down.

And then—

---

*In the next installment you will read how Rhonda and Naomi escaped from the Arabs and of the meeting of Obroski and Tarzan.*

# Chain of Circumstances Winners

## September 23 Issue

$50 FIRST PRIZE

MARGARET WRIGHT, Los Angeles, Calif.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

CECIL H. POTICHER, Harrisburg, Pa.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

B. W. SWAYZE, Allentown, Pa.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

HARRIET WILSON, Los Angeles, Calif.

TEN $5 PRIZES

J. Everett Clifford, Jr., Normal, Ill.; Mrs. Mae Elliott, La Grange, Ga.; J. R. Foreman, Chicago, Ill.; Alice Garrett, Berkeley, Calif.; G. A. Getty, Miami, Fla.; Ned Knapp, Freeport, Ill.; Alice D. Loving, Port Washington, N. Y.; Edwin Morrison, Lincoln, Neb.; Ethel M. Raymond, Jacksonville, Fla.; Arthur L. Wessell, Memphis, Tenn.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Myrtle E. Akin, Fresno, Calif.; Louella M. Arnold, Erskine, Minn.; Mrs. B. Black, El Paso, Tex.; Edwin S. Bode, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. W. Brackenridge, Portland, Ore.; Ethel Brooks, Rio Grande City, Tex.; Clyde B. Caldwell, Shiloh, Ohio; Elizabeth Carraway, Newark, N. J.; Elizabeth Clair, Chicago, Ill.; Louis DuBois, Dayton, Ohio; Alfred Ehrman, New York, N. Y.; W. A. Ellis, Vancouver, B. C.; Ann Flanagan, Des Moines, Iowa; Katherine M. Geiger, Knoxville, Tenn.; Ed Glockling, Columbia, Mo.; Richard B. Gray, Hollywood, Calif.

Harry W. Gruver, York, Pa.; Eula Johnson, Lubbock, Tex.; Harry L. Jones, Dayton, Ohio; Bert Kennedy, Gloversville, N. Y.; Harry Lardner, Niles, Mich.; D. H. Lawless, Norfolk, Va.; Heinz R. Lindner, St. George, N. Y.; V. M. Loring, Memphis, Tenn.; Edward T. Mascio, New York, N. Y.; A. J. Miller, Regina, Sask.; Carl J. Miller, Tiffin, Ohio; Ruth Mossman, Youngstown, Ohio; Lillian M. Nelson, Fall River, Mass.; Nelle Nelson, Richmond, Calif.; Ruth Olejar, Johnstown, Pa.; Louise Pohlmann, Hilliards, Ohio; Clifford H. Pountney, Cleveland, Ohio.

Carolyn M. Roberts, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. T. E. Robertson, Meridian, Tex.; Joan E. Ryal, Detroit, Mich.; F. C. Seelig, East Cleveland, Ohio; Elsa M. Seiler, Berlin Heights, Ohio; Florence E. Tomlinson, Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.; Beth Twiggar, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Chase Varney, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Parke Vawter, San Diego, Calif.; George Vodian, Santa Fe., N. M.; D. C. Walden, Atlanta, Ga.; Catherine Ward, Arcadia, Fla.; Randolph Watters, Fort Montgomery, N. Y.; Lucile Wernstrum, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Marion K. Whetzel, Clarendon, Va.; Mrs. W. J. Whipple, Mount Vernon, Wash.; Mrs. J. H. Wilkinson, Woodland, Calif.

FREE! Send Coupon for New BIG TRAIN BOOK

American Flyer leads in size, speed, fun-features and real design. Catalog shows new steam type locomotives with *patented ringing bell* and *lighted fire-box*—also fun making automatic signals, stations, tunnels, bridges, etc. This is the year to get your American Flyer—Never again will prices be so low or values so great. American Flyer Trains were the sensation at the "Century of Progress". Dads, too, make railroading a hobby.

American Flyer Mfg. Co. SEND FREE
2234 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill. TRAIN BOOK

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

.....

American Flyer Trains

ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT

LAVORIS

*It's Different*

Because it *purges* mouth and throat—Gets rid of embedded germs and offensive odors.

NOT HOUSE-BROKEN!

We call him Scotty. When your guests put cigarettes in the ash tray—and pat Scotty's head he'll raise his little hind leg and—PUT OUT THE CIGARETTE. Convenient water sack inside Scotty is easily filled. **At last a canine's most inconvenient habit has** been turned into a practical and extremely funny use! Scotty mounted on ash tray—both in attractive bronze finish.

*Scotty may be had for $1.50 postpaid. Money back if not completely satisfied. Remit to*

HOME GADGETS
Dept. 88 200 Fifth Ave. New York City

ONLY $1.50 each, delivered

Following the Path of RECKLESS LIVES—

# Fumes and Flames

By L O W E L L

*(Reading time: 19 minutes 45 seconds.)*

ONE sunny afternoon several years ago the manager of a large chemical plant was sitting at his desk in his shirt sleeves. One of the foremen from the factory came in to consult him. For the time being most of the resources of the laboratory were being devoted to the development of an incredibly powerful and deadly poison gas. The work was secret. The government, as far as I know, did not supervise it or even recognize it officially. But in the event of war the results would no doubt be placed at the disposal of the army command.

Even the chemists in the laboratory could not tell how far they had progressed—what unprecedented powers of destruction lay in the combinations of chemicals they had so far evolved. Every precaution was taken to protect the men working with them. The foreman looked like a being from another world. He wore a specially constructed helmet to protect his nose and mouth. His eyes were concealed by dark goggles. On his hands he wore heavy gloves. He removed the mouth-and-nose piece of his helmet as he talked to his chief. But he did not bother to take off his gloves. After the short interview he went back to his work.

This is what must have happened in the manager's office then: The manager stretched his arms a little and leaned back in his chair. Then he crumpled over on his desk, his head resting on his arms, and remained there, motionless. His secretary found him in that position not more than five minutes later. He was dead.

The plant doctor, hastily summoned, was frankly mystified. There were utterly no evidences of suicide, of heart failure, or any kind of violence. But men do not die for no reason at all. The doctor had the body taken to the hospital room. There he made as thorough an examination as possible without performing an autopsy. He had about concluded that this must be done when he noticed a discoloration on the dead man's back, between his shoulder blades. At first glance it looked like an ordinary burn. But the doctor saw something peculiar about it.

He went back to the office where the tragedy had occurred, and hastily examined the back of the desk chair where the manager had been sitting. That told the story. On the back rest were traces of the "material" they were handling that day in the laboratory.

The doctor called the foreman in.

"Did you wear your gloves when you talked to him?"

The man hesitated. It was against rigid rules to wear the protective equipment outside the laboratory or in other than specified places in it.

"I did, I guess, doc. I wasn't thinking."

"And while you talked to him you put your hand on the back of his chair like this, didn't you?" the doctor illustrated—without touching the chair.

That was what had happened. Some of that deadly concentrated gas had clung to the thumb of the glove. It

## Breath-Taking Perils That Surround Those Who Labor with Gases and Chemicals, and the Awful Penalties Paid for Mistakes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. D. STEVENS

# THOMAS

had remained on the back of the chair. It was so powerful that it had penetrated the manager's thin shirt, attacked his spine, and almost instantly killed him.

The story seems hard to believe. I have asked several men I know in the chemical field what substance could possibly act in that way. They didn't know, but said such a thing was conceivable. Probably no one knows what those ingredients were except the men risking their lives experimenting with them.

A friend of mine whose family for several generations has been known as among the leading manufacturing chemists had an experience which only narrowly missed being as tragic. The particular company plant of which his father had charge had been hastily reëquipped during the war to experiment with poison gases.

My friend was assisting one of the chief chemists, whom we may as well call Dr. Wilson, in a small laboratory which, for safety's sake, had been built at some distance from the main plant. Both men knew the risks involved. They had scrupulously taken every precaution. My friend was passing a skylight at one side of the room. Dr. Wilson was working at the other side. And it happened.

"All I know," said this friend of mine, "was that there was a blinding white light. My eardrums seemed to cave in. And I looked around. Well, I was draped over a fifty-gallon drum nearly thirty yards from what had been the laboratory. The skylight I'd been standing beside was completely shattered. The wall seemed to have been bent outward like rubber, and to be ready to fall any minute. Thick bluish-yellow fumes were crawling out through the cracks.

"My brain was running on about one cylinder, just turning over—but I did somehow realize that Wilson must still be in there. I crawled off the drum and my legs folded up under me. I couldn't make them go. So I crept around to the other side of the laboratory and, holding my breath, pushed open the door. Through the fumes I saw Wilson lying on the floor. I crawled outside, emptied my lungs and filled them with air, and then managed to pull the chief through the door. He was nearly gone. It took an hour to get him breathing again. But he finally came around.

*"That was a picture—those fellows teetering there, somehow keeping their balance and working those extinguishers."*

"THE worst of it was, we couldn't tell what had caused that explosion. We had drawn up a series of precautions that seemed absolutely foolproof. But it had happened. We thought it might have been a dust explosion. That seemed to be the one thing it could have been."

"A dust explosion?" I repeated.

He explained that when certain chemicals, themselves noncombustible, are being handled, tiny particles become released and hang suspended in the air. They are, of course, invisible. Indeed, the more microscopic the particles the more dangerous they are. If they are there in sufficient quantities the simple and natural process of their mixing with air or oxygen may explode them. And there are substances like peroxide which liberate oxygen, and if this comes in contact with them it will ignite them. In this laboratory the ventilating system was, they thought, not perfect, and that may have been the reason for the "puff."

There is surely something splendidly heroic about a man who works, day after day, in a place the very air of which is freighted with death—which may, for no predictable reason or because of some slight slip, destroy him without a split second's warning.

"I had an experience once that I can never forget," the president of a large plant in the Middle West told me. "It was before we'd learned from bitter experience how to prevent this type of accident. It was early in the morning. No one was in the factory except myself and a workman who was repairing one of the pipes. I was near the outside door; he was at the other end of the room. Suddenly I felt a concussion of air and there was a rather muffled report. I wheeled. The man was on his knees, writhing, his hands pressed to his face. I started to run toward him. The next thing I knew I was flat on my back. I scrambled to my feet but could see nothing. The place was dense with smoke. But I thought the danger must be over, and again started toward the man. I didn't know anything more until I found myself gasping for breath on the cot in our hospital room.

"What did it? It took us weeks to find out. But the workman's wrench slipped or in some other way caused a spark. This had ignited a small cloud of dust which he must have stirred up as he worked. That exploded and burned him in the face, though probably not seriously. But the concussion of that minor explosion dis-

turbed another concentration of dust. That went off. That's what floored me. And *that* explosion started another, a huge one. It completely wrecked the factory. By a miracle it tumbled me through the door, and they pulled me out. What we found of the workman—well, let's just say he was killed, poor devil.

"His death ate its way into my conscience. I should have known enough to tell him what kind of tools to use and how to avoid causing sparks. For that matter, I should have known how to ventilate the place so there would be no danger of such a thing. But it made me a safety fanatic. We haven't had a major accident in six years. And to some extent, due to the precautions we developed, dust explosions need never occur in any factory or warehouse. Accidents these days are caused by human fallibility. And by that I mean just plain carelessness. If the men obey the rules they can't get hurt."

That is what ten out of ten manufacturing chemists, as well as those in charge of experimental laboratories, will tell you. Their business is not hazardous. The risks have been taken out of it. Any plant employing several hundred men, more or less intelligent or illiterate, has accidents—due to negligence. That cannot be avoided. Your plant manager or safety engineer will point with pride to their charts showing the "no accident" months; showing how the percentage of accidents per number employed steadily decreases.

But when it comes to the close calls they've all had or seen others have, or the fatalities which could only be explained by second-guessing, they shut up like clams. Those are secrets. They guard them as jealously as they do the secret formulæ themselves. That is why I am not mentioning names of men or companies in this story.

There is a man who now is a sort of superporter or general convenience man in one of the big plants in New Jersey where they manufacture lacquer. Until a year or so ago he was considered one of the most intelligent and reliable foremen on the company pay roll.

He had an extremely dangerous job. The danger arose from static electricity. This wicked agent of destruction may be generated merely by the friction caused by certain liquids passing through the nozzle of a pipe and into a drum. These sparks are sufficient to cause an explosion of hydrogen. In factories properly built, all apparatus, shaft pulleys, every moving part, even the scales are grounded. There is an intricate system of ventilation. The humidity is kept high. And the danger is usually not great. All these precautions were faithfully adhered to in the room where this man worked.

YET, careful workman though he was, he had a severe explosion in his particular corner about four years ago, in March. The safety engineer, the other foremen, the man himself investigated every clue they could dig up, trying to discover what could possibly have caused the accident. They had to give up. All went well until almost exactly a year later, in March. Another explosion, almost identical with the first, took place. And its cause was just as baffling. According to all that any one in the factory knew, it simply could not have happened. But it had. Then, again *in March*, almost a year later to the day, the same thing occurred.

*"I emptied my lungs and filled them with air, and then managed to pull the chief through the door."*

This time the foreman responsible was distracted. He brooded over it. He lost his nerve. The factory gave him a month's leave. It was no use. The thought of going near his machine was a nightmare to him. As a workman there his usefulness was over.

When I saw him his face was pale and lined. His hands shook. And he told me this amazing thing:

"Do you know what the trouble was? This is the truth. The doctors proved it. Well, you've heard of people that are typhoid carriers. They don't have the disease themselves but they carry the germs around and give it to others. I'm a carrier of static electricity. That sounds crazy but it's the truth. When conditions are just right I shoot out those waves, or whatever they are, and—bang! That's why I'm doing this work. Why, I can't even go inside the factory."

"But why was it that it happened in March each time?" I asked.

"You can't tell for sure. It might happen any time. But March is the worst time for it. The stuff comes a long way through the pipes and gets cold. So there's more friction and we have to be extra careful. I'm studying the theory part of it now. Maybe I can get a job teaching it some day."

I asked the superintendent of this factory if this strange story was true, or if it had perhaps taken shape in the man's distraught fancy.

"No," he answered, "he didn't cook it up. We honestly believe it's true, but it's something that would have to be tested a lot further than we could to be proved scientifically. True or not, poor Dave is through so far as work out there is concerned. He's mentally and nervously unfit, that's all.

"And there's something that all the safety rules and hoods and shields can't overcome. That's the mental make-up of the men. Whether they have an accident or not, the thought that they may keeps them in a constant tension—whether or not they realize it or will admit it. The fellow we put in Dave's place had been with us fifteen years. He'd never had anything approaching an accident. He'd only been on the job about two weeks when he came to me and said he'd rather have his old job back—at less pay. 'Why? What's the matter?' I asked him. He shook his head. 'Those damn' things give me the jitters, that's all. I've never been nervous before. Never in fifteen years. But I can't sleep. I wake up yelling about every other night. And when I'm working I've got to watch myself every minute or my mind gets to wandering. You know what that might do. I can't get away from the crazy feeling that there's some kind of a hoodoo about that machine. I dream about it being alive. You better let me go back to the old job.'

"You might be inclined to laugh off a thing like that, but I've seen men shaken to pieces by even less. I told him to see if he couldn't get over it, but that I'd make a shift as soon as I could if he couldn't lick it. Well, just two days later he had the first explosion he'd ever had. A fire started. They said he fought it like a madman—and he was burned so badly that he died a few hours later in the hospital. He told us just how it happened. There was nothing wrong with the machine. He made a blunder that the rawest hand in the place wouldn't have made. His imagination got away from him. The strain was too much."

IN another plant where they manufacture strong fumigating gases and insecticides a workman was told to crawl through a manhole into a "kettle" and clean it out. The kettle was about six feet in diameter by eight in height. It was sealed at the top. The only opening was the manhole, which itself was sealed when the tank was in use. Cleaning these tanks is a risky job. The foreman assumed that his workman would take the safety precautions which he well knew he should take. The man had done the same thing before. He was supposed to wear a gas mask, for the cleaning was done with naphtha. He should have called another workman to stand outside the manhole just in case anything went wrong. He should have had a life line around his waist so that he could be pulled out if the fumes overcame him.

But this time he did none of these things. Without a mask, without a life line, with nobody near him, he took his pail of naphtha and crawled into the tank and went to work.

Presently he began to feel a little dizzy. So, leaving the naphtha in the tank (where it continued to send up its fumes), he crawled out to get a breath of fresh air. And then back in he went again. Again he got groggy. Again he crawled out and then in again. When his head began to go round this time, he stumbled and, in doing so, kicked over the naphtha. By the grace of God he managed to get one foot through the manhole before he fell over backward against the far side of the tank. Another workman happened to see the foot. He of course did not know what had been going on. He did not know that it was almost suicide to go into the kettle. So, with no protection, he crawled through the hole to save his pal.

It was dark inside. He couldn't see anything at first. By the time he made out the man's form he was almost helpless himself.

"And then," he said, "I lost my head. I couldn't think of anything but dragging that guy out of there. He was about twice as big as I was. I'd got him to the hole when I felt myself going. I grabbed at the edge of it but missed it. My hand went on through and hung on the outside, they told me afterward. And the boss just happened to come along and see it.

"They brought me around without much trouble. I don't know how long they worked over the other fellow. They saved his life and he was back on the job before long.


# Use Aspirin?

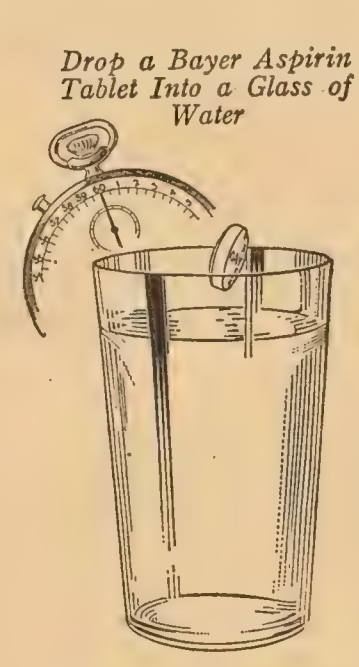
## *Then Look At These Pictures*

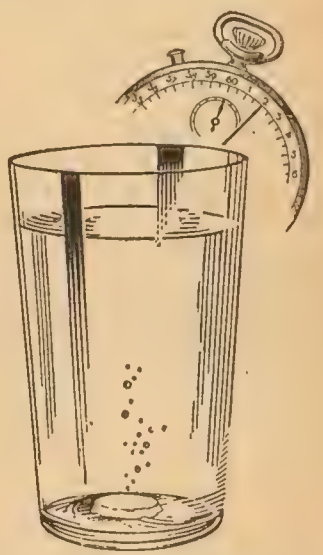
They Show Why
Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN is Rated
the Fastest Safe Relief From Pain

**IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH**

A Genuine BAYER Aspirin Tablet Starts To Disintegrate and Go To Work

*Drop a Bayer Aspirin Tablet Into a Glass of Water*





*By the Time it Hits the Bottom of the Glass it is Disintegrating*

*What Happens in These Glasses Happens in Your Stomach*

## Quicker Relief Now From Pain

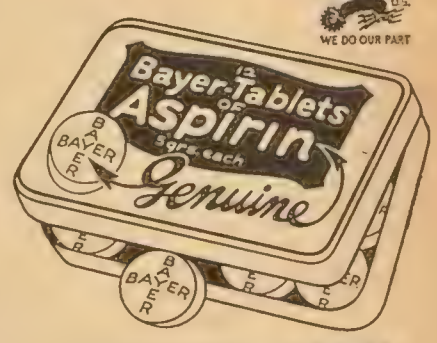
There is now a quicker way to ease pain. A way that often brings relief from even a severe headache or neuritis in a few minutes. Millions are now employing it—the *fastest, safe relief, it is said, ever known for pain.*

Those results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence, to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glasses, above, tells the story. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. *And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.* This unique Bayer discovery means quick relief from pain for you and yours. Fewer lost hours from headache, neuralgia or the pains of rheumatism. And safe relief *—for Genuine Bayer Aspirin does not harm the heart.*

When you buy, though, see that you get the GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN. The best way is never ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone. But if you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always say "BAYER ASPIRIN."

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART




**DOES NOT HARM THE HEART**

"I was too. But I don't know whether I've ever been the same since. For nights off and on for nearly three months afterward I'd wake up sweating all over, usually on the floor. I was dragging that guy out of that hole again. Over and over I did it. I haven't had one of those dreams for quite a while, and I guess I'm all right. But now I follow the rules they lay down."

Why do any of these men—or women—whose very lives depend on following the rules laid down by the company consistently ignore them, consistently take chances that they know, if they stop to think, may at any instant result in death or frightful injury? That is the thing that you and I, whose chief hazard is crossing the street and dodging automobiles, cannot hope to understand. Perhaps it is that selfsame subconscious tension in which they work that creates the curious numbness, the forgetfulness of danger, which you find among the men in every hazardous occupation. It may be a sort of defense mechanism—a constant self-assurance that there is nothing to be afraid of.

In that same factory I just mentioned they handle a chemical so powerful that there is an ever-present danger of its corroding the pipes through which it is carried to the mixing drums. If a leak, however infinitesimal, is caused by this, it may—and has on several occasions—result in an explosion that may destroy thousands of dollars' worth of equipment and endanger many lives. So there are inspectors whose sole job it is to patrol the system of pipes and look for leaks.

Some one reported to one of these inspectors, a man chosen for his skill and reliability, that there was a leak suspected around one of the pipe connections. Since a leak may be so small as to be practically invisible to the naked eye, the concrete path under the pipe is painted a dead white, so the smallest spot of liquid will be visible after it falls.

This inspector examined the concrete. He found nothing suspicious. Then he did an incredible thing. Being directly under the joint, he looked up. Just as he did so a stab of flame plunged into his right eye. A drop of the fiercely corrosive chemical had fallen into it. *His goggles were in his pocket.* Heroic efforts were made to save the sight of that eye. But they were in vain. And the tragedy for him was that a one-eyed man is a severe liability for a chemical plant. If an accident robs him of the other eye, under the law the company is held responsible for causing his total blindness and must pay him total disability compensation as long as he lives. This inspector was kept on the pay roll but given a humble job as a shipping clerk, far from any danger of accident.

THERE is a plant in New Jersey where they use oleum. This is sulphuric acid of 105 per cent strength—more than twice as powerful as the strongest solution used for ordinary commercial purposes. Just a spot of it on the skin will cause a serious burn, unless it is at once wiped off with a solution of bicarbonate of soda.

A tank-car load of oleum had been backed on to the "scale track" for weighing. An inspector noticed what he thought were fumes rising from the manhole on the top of the car. He reported it at once and the department head sent two men to repair the gasket which held the manhole in place. These two got up on the car and removed the manhole cover. In doing so they violated exactly four safety rules of the company. First, they did not put up a sign warning other cars that men were working there. Second, they wore no goggles. Third, they did not have with them a pail of bicarbonate of soda and water. Fourth, they did not station a man on the car behind to warn the engineer who was "kicking" cars from one track to another.

After getting the manhole cover off they decided they needed a larger wrench. One went to get it. The other went on with the repair job. The car behind the tank car was a large box car. It obstructed the view of the engineer of the switch engine. Innocently he "kicked" another tank car toward it. It smashed into the couplings. The jolt shot up a veritable geyser of the oleum through the open manhole.

The deadly liquid showered over the repairman's head and shoulders. When they got him to the hospital he was a pitiable object. Now he is disfigured for life. And all unnecessary.

ONE of the cardinal laws in any factory where inflammable liquids are handled is that portable electric lights with their flexible cords are not to be used. Some of the worst explosions on oil tankers, for instance, have been caused by nothing more than the flexible lead on reading lamps, presumably safely away from any fumes. Yet in a factory in New Jersey where every single ingredient they use is inflammable or explosive, an inspector one morning mislaid his safety lamp.

He didn't bother to get another. He carried an electric light attached to a trailing cord. Perhaps ninety-five times out of a hundred that would have been safe enough for the particular vats he was inspecting. This was the ninety-sixth time.

Climbing up the iron ladder at the side of one of the vats, he thrust his light into the interior. There was a puff. They picked him up off the floor, his face blackened almost beyond recognition, his hair singed almost entirely off.

His injuries were not as serious as they looked. But the damage he caused was. The liquid in the vat had taken fire. In a few seconds it was a roaring furnace. There were other vats in the room. Unless the fire was extinguished it was only a matter of moments before they too would be ignited.

"I'll swear a lump comes in my throat every time I think what two of the fellows did then," the manager told me. "Instead of dashing for the door—for they knew what would happen if the other vats started—these two each grabbed a fire extinguisher. We have a special preparation of foamite that smothers that kind of fire. Water is no good. Well, up they went. They stood one on each side over the flames, shooting the foamite from the extinguishers into them. That was a picture—those fellows, naked to the waist, the sweat pouring off them, their bodies gleaming in the glare from the fire, teetering there, somehow keeping their balance and working those heavy extinguishers.

"They almost did it, too. They did smother down the flames. One emptied the juice from his gun and yelled for another. As we started across the floor with it, another vat burst into flames. It was no use then. We yelled at them to jump down and run for it. The other fellow shot the last there was in his gun and they made the door, both of them, thank God, just as a third vat took fire.

"It was a terrible fire. The worst fire we ever had. Talk about Dante's Inferno!

"It got out into the yard where there were two hundred and seventy-eight big drums. Every inch of our manufacturing space and thousands of dollars' worth of material went. But it might have been worse—how much worse, Heaven only knows.

"And all just because that inspector didn't take the trouble to look for his lamp!"

THE END

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 14

1—Juan de la Cierva.
2—One month, when he died.
3—*Id est*, meaning "that is."
4—The art of writing or engrossing.
5—Thomas Moore.
6—A prehistoric monument formed from three stones, two upright and the third across the others.
7—The Gideons.
8—A change; alteration in form or quality.
9—An Austrian Augustinian abbot who promulgated a law of inherited characteristics in plant and animal life.
10—A secretion found in sperm whales and used in perfume making.
11—In a dying state.
12—Being ostracized; treated with neglect or contempt.
13—Several kinds of fish, mammals, and insects do.
14—Ponce de León.
15—A mineral spring; also a place where the presence of such springs has created a resort.
16—Resembling a goose; stupid.
17—Roald Amundsen.
18—An instrument for measuring the specific gravity of liquids.
19—Thank you. It is a French word.
20—An instrument for arresting bleeding, for controlling circulation, and preventing access of blood to a part.

# I'll See You Soon

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By DONALD HOUGH

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 15 seconds.)*

DEAR JOE: Well, I thought I'd write you and tell you what a fine funeral you had. Of course you remember all the events that led up to the funeral, but naturally you couldn't tell what happened after they found you stretched out on the bed in your room with the pistol near your right hand and a neat bullet hole, complete with powder burns, in your right temple.

You had a fine funeral. I have never seen a better one. There must have been three hundred people there. Jimmie McDougal was there, the fellow you owed ten dollars to, looking for the will or for somebody who could tell him something about his ten dollars. Do you remember that blonde girl you met at the New Year's party three years ago? Well, she was there. What do you think of that?

The newspaper boys were there. They took a picture of the crowd, and I gave them a photo of you taken in 1924 at the Elks' ball. They wanted it for the paper. And the next day there it was, on the third page, right next to a picture of Charles Evans Hughes. I wish you could have seen it. And they wrote quite a story about it. It was a good story. They told how you had got tired of life and had decided to end it all, or something like that. Oh, yes, they all knew it was suicide, of course. There was no hint of anything else. It was just as you would have wanted it to be.

They had four young men at the funeral. I think they call them the Harmony Four, or something like that. They sang some songs, sort of sad ones. And the minister made a fine speech. I have seldom heard such a fine speech. I almost enjoyed it. Then they carried you out to a fine eight-cylinder hearse, one of the best hearses I have ever seen. And they went to the cemetery. There were a lot of very swell cars in the procession. I went on home.

I got a great kick out of seeing you lying up there in your casket. I could just see your nose. It stuck up. Once I thought I saw it twitch. It would have, if you could have had anything to say about it, because I know you never cared for fine funerals.

Well, I have saved the most interesting part to the last. You know what it is about. It is about Alice Jordan. Alice was there. I was with her. I thought I owed it to you to take Alice to the funeral. The three of us had always been pretty thick, you know. The fact that on the very night you died you called me such terrible names, and accused me of lying to Alice about you, and trying to break up your engagement, and one thing and another, made no difference to me. I took her anyway.

I think Alice had a pretty good opinion of you at the end. I don't think she believed half the things I had told her. And that little affair when I framed you so you'd be caught in that room with Queenie—it seems she saw through that all the time. And when you lost your job on account of—well—you know—she knew all the time that I had done it. She told me so. She said there was no reason for you to shoot yourself. She was crying pretty bad, and perhaps a little hysterical.

The funny part of it was she wouldn't marry me after all. I didn't ask her, because I was waiting until a while after the funeral; but she told me right at the funeral that she never wanted to see me again. What do you think of that? After I'd taken her. But I didn't ever want to see her again, either. And I won't see her. I thought you'd want to know that, so I am telling you. Alice is a very smart girl, and it's no wonder we both of us fell for her like we did. I'll admit I did everything humanly possible, before your death, to take Alice from you. It didn't work. Nothing worked. I'm sorry about it, because I certainly wanted Alice—worse than anything in the world. But I guess in order to get a girl away from somebody else you got to go about it different. Especially a girl like Alice.

IT was Alice who identified that watch charm. Can you imagine her identifying the watch charm? The one you gave me for my birthday six years ago? Well, she did. She came right out with it. And of course, after that, she wouldn't marry me at all. She said she never wanted to see me again. Well, she won't.

Of course I have got a lot against Alice on account of that charm, but I have not got anything against you, and I never did have. You can't get sore at a fellow because he's got guts. I don't see yet how you could do it. Look at the trouble I had gone to, to have everything done right. There wasn't a thing wrong. Everything was perfect. And then, when I lifted you to the bed to put your fingerprints on the pistol and lay it beside your hand, you were still conscious enough to get my watch charm in your fist and keep it there. I didn't even miss it, and I don't know yet why I didn't see you clutching it in your left fist as you died.

Well, let bygones be bygones. I got to close now. I hear the guard coming up the hall. The guard and the priest. It's midnight. The reprieve from the governor didn't come. So I got to go now. I'll see you soon.

Yours, CHARLIE.

THE END

# I *saw and heard* Lincoln *at* Gettysburg

## A Novel Close-up of a Historic Episode 70 Novembers Ago

By GEORGE D. GITT

*(Reading time: 12 minutes 55 seconds.)*

GEORGE D. GITT'S eighty-five years have by no means dimmed his memory of either the Battle of Gettysburg or Lincoln's delivery of the Gettysburg Address. Even minor details of the latter event stand out, clear-cut, before Mr. Gitt's mind's eye as he looks back upon that November 19, 1863, when he stood at Lincoln's feet, beneath the speakers' platform, and looked up through a crack to observe the gestures of the great President and the play of emotion on his face. A few months before, only a short distance away from the thick of the Battle of Gettysburg, he had heard the rumble of the cannon; and he had looked upon the face of General Reynolds as his body was being removed from the battlefield on a spring wagon. At the Battle of Hanover, which was the prelude to Gettysburg, he had stood close by a cavalryman at the moment a fragment of shell cut away the unfortunate soldier's thigh, and then by a hair's breadth had dodged several bullets himself as he, with his brothers, ran about along the fringes of the fight.

*The author today, at eighty-five.*

AS every one knows, the simplicity, the quiet kindliness which were so much a part of the great Lincoln, became more than ever manifest when he spoke those few classic words that make up the Gettysburg Address. But the writhings of soul of the magnanimous Lincoln, as revealed at that moment when private anxieties as well as the grave national crisis wrung his heart almost to the breaking point, lie recorded only in the memories of those few of us still living who saw and heard him on that Day of the Dedication, as November 19, 1863, is still familiarly called in and around Gettysburg.

This November 19 threescore and ten years will have passed away since the "Fourscore and seven years ago" address fell upon the ears of an assemblage that stood, as I well remember, motionless and silent. Many bowed their heads and, almost without exception, men doffed their hats. They mistook the speech for a prayer. A group of Negroes moaned forth an "Amen" in each pause.

I, a boy of fifteen, intent upon being as close to Lincoln as was physically possible without being on top of the platform, had concealed myself earlier in the day among the huge store boxes that formed the foundations of the structure; and during the delivery of the address I stood, with my heart in my mouth, literally at the feet of my hero.

Early in the evening of the previous day I had heard the shrill whistling of a locomotive at an hour when no train ever entered our little village of Hanover, which lies about fourteen miles east of Gettysburg and a mile or two farther north of the Mason-Dixon line. Immediately I hastened toward the station, but not alone, for others had heard the whistling and were equally curious.

To my vast surprise I discovered that the special train on which Lincoln was journeying to Gettysburg had developed a hot box, and was therefore being shunted from the main line into the Hanover siding.

Of course some had assumed that there would be no stop after a junction point ten miles to the east, and consequently, earlier in the day had gone there, hoping to get a glimpse of the President. But enough townsmen had remained at home so that within a few minutes after the first whistle blasts a crowd surrounded the coach in which Lincoln sat writing the latter part of his address, the top of his high hat serving as a makeshift desk.

There was no cheering. The babble of the crowd was subdued. The locomotive, with the forward car of which the offending axle was a part, rolled off to the repair shop. Then a voice was raised. "Father Abraham! Father Abraham! Come forth! Your children want to see you." The crowd gave way, and the minister of the village Lutheran church, one Rev. Alleman, continuing his appeal, stepped close to the coach.

A moment later Lincoln's tall figure appeared in the doorway. Stooping, so that the crown of his head would clear the lintel, he strode out on the platform, smiled sadly, and slowly descended to the lower step.

I was close by. In order that I might touch the skirts of Lincoln's coat, I squirmed beneath the coach and wriggled between its wheels, and as I emerged my shoulder brushed the President's knee. The great, kindly face looked down at me and again smiled wistfully, and the great, friendly hand patted my proud, happy head.

Thrilled and strangely moved, I forthwith made up my mind to go to Gettysburg the next day, even though I should have to walk.

With his eyes still fixed on me Lincoln began to speak; and while he spoke his thoughts seemed to be far away and unrelated to the words he uttered, for that day his mountainous troubles were peaked by a distressing anxiety due to the critical condition of his little son Tad.

After thanking the townspeople for being good enough to greet him, he referred to the fight which had taken place at Hanover on the day before the opening of the Battle of Gettysburg as the "prelude to one of the world's most momentous battles." He said it was his opinion that had not General Jeb Stuart been engaged by General Kilpatrick at Hanover and as a result been turned east, General Lee would have had the support, from the very beginning of the conflict at Gettysburg,

of his best-trained and most effective cavalry forces under the command of his ablest general.

Scarcely had the train departed when two of my brothers and I sought out our father and succeeded in arranging for the use of our old family mare next day.

Early the following morning we were on our way. When we reached Gettysburg there was a parade in progress. Astride a large sorrel horse, Lincoln rode well forward in the procession, preceded by Colonel Graham and his Fifth New York Regiment of Artillery, and followed by an escort made up of Chief Marshal Ward H. Lamon, General Wright, General Doubleday, Brigadier General Mason, and their staffs.

In the van of the parade was a brass band; scattered through its length of less than a quarter mile were lodge delegations, regiments of cavalry and artillery, and other brass bands, while a host of folk from the surrounding countryside brought up the rear.

Becoming separated from my brothers, I hastened to the spot about to be dedicated as a national cemetery. There I hid under the speakers' stand.

Finally, when the parade had reached the cemetery and had disbanded and the platform was heavy with personages, official and unofficial, and Christ Church choir, which was ranged along the one side, began to chant, I discovered the whereabouts of Lincoln and stationed myself at the feet of my hero.

Through a crack between the planks I could look directly into Lincoln's face. Its deep lines, the wrinkled brow, the deep-set brooding eyes burned indelible images into my memory. Now, although a man of eighty-five, I still feel keenly those tuggings at the heart strings which seized me that autumn day when I gazed into the face of the President who knew more trials and tribulations than any other of our Chief Executives.

The pause that had followed the prayer by Dr. Stockton, chaplain of the House of Representatives, now gave way to stirrings-about above. I shifted my position to another crack close to the front of the platform. Edward Everett was unfolding the manuscript of his oration; but I was not interested. I returned to my former position.

Until Edward Everett began to speak the President gazed into space; and then, as the first period of that ornate oration, which was to consume an hour and twenty minutes, was uttered, he leaned from one side to the other and crossed his legs, turning his eyes full upon the speaker. Somewhat later he again shifted his position and rested his chin in the palm of his right hand. His eyes now wandered over the audience. Frequently he swallowed hard and tears welled as he spied the black weeds of some bereft mother or widow.

When Edward Everett finished speaking, Lincoln slowly took his hand from his chin, bent slightly forward, and very deliberately drew from an inner pocket of his coat a few flimsy pieces of paper. These he shuffled from hand to hand until the particular sheet he was seeking appeared. Leaning back in the chair again, but without recrossing his legs, he intently studied what he had written on that sheet. The posture was characteristic, and some sculptor has long since given it permanency in bronze.

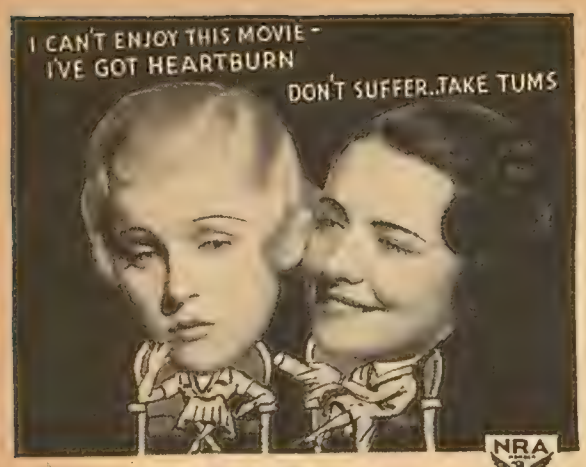
Tucking away the papers, he arose and very slowly stepped to the front of the platform. The flutter and motion of the crowd ceased the moment the President was on his feet. Such was the quiet that his footfalls, I remember very distinctly, woke echoes, and with the creaking of the boards it was as if some one were walking through the hallways of an empty house.

THE crack through which for a moment or two I had glanced at Edward Everett I now found to be of no use, for Lincoln had stationed himself just a little in front of it, and only his coat tails were visible. An instant later, to my great relief, he stepped back a pace or two and again I could look up into that sad face with its furrowed brow. The brooding eyes now glowed with a strange light such as is sometimes provoked by a fever. Then, in a deep resonant voice, Lincoln began to speak. Word followed word so slowly that the value of each syllable was unduly magnified.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation"—here there was a decided pause; this pause I well remember because I held my breath, wondering what had happened to cause it—"conceived in liberty"—another pause and more high emphasis, this time on the word "liberty"—"and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Beginning with the next sentence he spoke more rapidly, but somewhere near the middle of the address he slowed again to the tempo of the opening words.

*"We here highly resolve . . ." Lincoln delivering the Gettysburg Address. Young Gitt was under the platform.*




**Don't Let Acid Indigestion Spoil Your Fun!**

LIFE is too short to let one evening after another be spoiled by heartburn, gassy fullness and sour stomach. Do as millions do, keep a roll of Tums on hand in purse or pocket. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. They're refreshing, pleasant. No bad taste, no after-effects. 10c at all drug stores.

Free — Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples TUMS and NR—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. SY-12, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

HANDY TO CARRY

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR

**Your Advertising Dollar**

reaches more families per black and white page in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

**TO CHECK COLDS**

**LAVORIS**

*It's Different*

Unique *purging* action gets rid of *embedded* germs in mouth and throat. It's soothing.

When You Visit
**PHILADELPHIA**
*Stop at the*
**HOTEL SYLVANIA**
Locust below Broad
*Moderate & Modern*

Now the group of Negroes off to one side, that had been wailing "Amens" in an undertone, lifted their voices higher and higher as the simple eloquence of Lincoln moved them. A number of them were weeping; others with closed eyes repeated phrases of the address.

The deep resonant voice continued: ". . . whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure." These words were spoken very slowly indeed. With the next sentence he quickened his delivery; and when he came to "gave the last full measure of devotion," tears trickled down his cheeks, and I could not help some welling up in my own eyes. Then he cleared his throat.

With a large white handkerchief, which he drew from the inner pocket of his coat and allowed to dangle for a moment from his right hand, he brushed away the tears and mopped his brow, and for the first time, as I remember, shifted his feet.

During the final phrases of the address I was thrilled as I had not been by all the previous sentences. It was certainly not what he said that made me feel so, but the way and manner of his saying it.

With the address finished, the assemblage stood motionless and silent. The heads of many were bowed as were those of the Negroes, who now, with a long and solemn "Amen," were the only ones to disturb the stillness. The extreme brevity of the address together with its abrupt close had so astonished the hearers that they stood transfixed. Had not Lincoln turned and stridden toward his chair, the audience would very likely have remained voiceless for several moments more.

Finally there came applause and a calling, "Yes! Yes! Government for the people!" It was as if the Blue Ridge Mountains to the west were echoing Lincoln's concluding and keynote thought.

EDWARD EVERETT was one of the first to approach the President and shake hands with him. He said with feeling that Lincoln's few eloquent words had been written upon the memory of man and would endure, while his own were only for the moment.

The others of importance who had been seated well forward on the platform, now surrounded the President. Noticing that some of the Christ Church choir members were trying to approach him, he waved aside the notables and began to shake hands with the singers.

Among them was a girl of fifteen, several years younger than any of the others, Louisa Vandersloot. He had heard her high, clear soprano voice; he motioned her toward him. Leaning over two of the older choristers, he extended his long arm and, as she puts it, "his great, warm, all-enveloping hand took hold of my little one and almost crushed it." That evening, during a reception, the President again singled out this girl and once more crushed her tender fingers with his great hand. She is now a woman of almost my age—Mrs. M. O. Smith; and frequently we exchange reminiscences of the Day of the Dedication.

She, just as I, fairly felt his kindliness and greatness of soul and "tingled all over" when he held her close to him.

Meanwhile I and my brothers, whom I found at the back of the platform, made our way to the edge of the crowd, and among the huge rocks with which that part of the battlefield was still covered in spots we scrambled until we reached the highway leading to town.

Over its dusty course we hurried to the home of Judge Wills, which stood on a corner of the village green. It was there that Lincoln was being entertained; and I felt sure that the judge, a friend of my father, would see to it that we got to shake hands with Lincoln.

WE entered the Wills home by way of the kitchen. The judge and the President had just driven up to the front door and were having trouble to explain to a crowd that there would be no reception before evening.

When we ventured into the front hall, the judge had closed the door and was asking Lincoln whether he cared to lunch then or an hour later. The President said he was not hungry and wanted to rest. Just as he was about to go upstairs we boys stepped out of a dusky corner. The judge immediately recognized us and smiled.

"Well, how did you fellows get in here?" he inquired. "I think I know what you want. I'm sure the President will shake hands with you. Here, Mr. President, are the sons of an old friend of mine. They have come over from Hanover to see you."

Without hesitation the President turned and shook hands with each of us, remarking that he was greatly pleased that we had thought it worth while to journey to Gettysburg and help with our presence in the dedication of the battlefield. Then, putting an arm around me and a hand on my younger brother's shoulder, he added, "The fight in your town must have furnished you fellows considerable excitement. Maybe more than you cared for." These words I remember as vividly as if they had been spoken only yesterday.

He then said something about hoping the war would soon end so that no more young men would have to be called to the front. With great emotion and with tears in his eyes he spoke of the heartaches and the pangs that all the horror of the war caused him. "May the whole terrible thing soon end," he murmured as he turned away from us.

As he started to ascend the stairs he sighed deeply and cleared his throat. A moment later he disappeared into the shadows that enveloped the upper reaches of the stairway.

THE END

# HAPPY DAYS

*(Reading time: 4 min. 22 sec.)*

WOMEN'S DUTY TO VOTE INTELLIGENTLY AND HOW TO DO IT—WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAD FOURTEEN CHILDREN!—SPANISH RICE THE WHITE HOUSE WAY

*By*

## ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

"VOTES for women" was the culmination of centuries of struggle for the great democratic principle of universal suffrage. I doubt that one person in a hundred thousand who goes to the polls stops to think for a second of the battles that have been fought, the lives which have been sacrificed during these centuries for this final achievement of the right of all the people to elect their own representatives in government.

It seems to me that it's high time we had a rebirth of a feeling of responsibility in voting. Sometimes I'm inclined to sympathize with the criticism that once the women of our country got the right to vote, they sat back and did nothing constructive with this privilege. I do think that women vote as responsibly and as intelligently as men. But here's a chance for women to take the lead. Let the women of America go to the polls as patriotic, intelligent citizens! It's always easier to make a general, fine-sounding statement than it is to give a specific definition. But here's the picture I have of a full-fledged American woman citizen on election day:

She knows the issues at stake in the elections, and she has gathered information for herself which has helped her to make up her mind as to how her vote will best serve the community and the nation.

She knows the past political histories of candidates.

She knows the personalities of these candidates, who must have the administrative ability to put through their campaign pledges.

She has attended political meetings and has heard these candidates herself. She has omitted petty social cleavages in her selection of candidates.

In her home she has helped to educate her children for their future responsibilities as voters. The children have been encouraged to join in all types of political discussions in the family circle. Their questions have not been treated as superfluous and their differences of opinion have been respected. Above all, the children must sense through the attitudes and examples of the parents that voting is the average citizen's greatest opportunity for service to his country.

This is, of course, a great big yardstick! How is it possible for women to measure up to these requirements? It's very difficult for women, as individuals, to acquire the information necessary for this type of voting. So the logical answer seems to be—women's organizations. Some communities at present have adequate women's organizations where politics and government are live issues. In other communities women with qualities for leadership should form such organizations. These organizations must pride themselves on their cosmopolitan membership. They're not "pink tea parties"! The "forgotten woman" may be able to bring many constructive thoughts to her more materially fortunate associates in such an organization.

This is a plea for the finest type of citizenship among women! A type of citizenship which means that women do not go to vote uninformed or having made up their minds a couple of days before the election by some hit-and-miss methods. After all, the men and women who serve in public office reflect the aggregate sentiment of the voters.

THERE are several letters before me from Liberty readers asking me to tell family anecdotes. Well, here's one which I always like to tell on father. When he was running for Vice President in 1920 he came up to see us at Campobello Island. Our playmates that summer were a family of seven children who lived next door and two cousins who were visiting us.

Our ages ranged from four to fourteen. Simultaneously with father's arrival came a news photographer. We heard him tell father that he wanted a picture of him with the children.

This seemed a miraculous opportunity to us, and, without saying anything, all fourteen of us lined up with father before the camera.

Fortunately for us, father was called away immediately after the picture was taken. With solemn faces we older children assured the photographer that we were all part of the family.

Imagine our glee and father's surprise when the picture came out with an explanation under it that this was the Vice-Presidential candidate and his fourteen offspring!

THIS recipe of Mrs. Nesbitt's from the White House is for a luncheon dish I like when a hard morning's work, a cold morning's zest, or just general exuberance of health have made my appetite especially keen.

SPANISH RICE

1 medium-sized onion
1 sweet red pepper
4 cups of boiled rice
1 green pepper
12 thin slices of bacon
Salt and pepper

Cube bacon, peppers, and onion. First fry the bacon until dry but not brown.

Remove the bacon and drain off about half of the fat. In the remaining fat fry the peppers and the onion until tender but not brown.

Add bacon and rice and toss until thoroughly heated through. Season and set over a very low fire and cover until time for serving.

This may also be baked in a casserole, but I have found that the rice is apt to harden and crisp around the sides of the dish.

# VOX POP

## WE HAVE NEVER BEEN UP THERE

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.—Professor Auguste Piccard's New York to Paris in Five Hours in 1938, in Liberty of October 21, is very interesting. The author states, "In the quite airless deeps of the stratosphere *resistance is negligible.* There we can increase our speed three times at a cost of only three times, instead of twenty-seven times, as much power."

Now, if the stratosphere resistance is practically negligible—and we still believe the fundamental laws of mechanics, one of which states that action is equal to reaction—what has the plane propeller to push against in order to get a component of forward motion?

It seems to me these planes will have to confine their travel to a stratum at least low enough so that the propeller may get a "toe hold" on a cloud or something with appreciable resistance. —*W. N. Gladson, Dean, College of Engineering.*

## WAR ABOUT WAR

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—I wish to commend you for your editorial on war in your October 21 issue. Splendid! But you do not go far enough. "There is only one great outstanding purpose for war with intelligent people who are really humane, and that is self-protection." Right! But how that "self-protection" cry can be twisted and turned by clever propaganda!

A ship or two is sunk and the cry is on. We can be, if necessary, a self-supporting nation if Europe goes to war again, as it seems she will. Why not withdraw completely from the struggle and let them fight it out? When our shores are threatened (our shores, not our ships) then by all means fight, with all the power we possess, and see to it now that we'll have that power when the time comes.—*Edna H. Nichols.*

MUNCIE, IND.—I am a pacifist in this way: I believe that we should make ourselves so powerful on land, on sea, under the sea, in the air—and above the air and under the land if necessary—that no nation or allied nations would dare to hop on us.—*A. D. Lowery.*

RHINELANDER, WIS.—I find occasion to disagree with you. You seem to be in favor of more bloodshed and more horror in war. In some roundabout way you feel that fear of a more horrible war will bring peace.

Do you feel that all attempts at peace through limitation of armaments have been fruitless? Doesn't the curtailment of the amount of war materials nations may have prevent their fighting because of a lack of sufficient weapons? Doesn't the limitation of these weapons to a near-equal amount for all sides prevent war because no nation can have the advantage under such conditions?—*Harold Wang.*

## BUT IT'S ALWAYS A JACKASS IN THE END

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Peter W. Mourer, Jr., in Vox Pop for October 28, stated that the father of a mule is a jackass.

Kindly advise the gentleman that a horse can be the father of a mule. I now have five with jennets as their mothers, the jennet being sister to a jackass.

I have bred stock for the past forty years and have raised mules by breeding a jackass to a mare and also by a stud horse to a jennet.—*John S. Weeks.*

## EXPLAINING LA PERIQUE

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—In Liberty of October 21 a Vox Popper mentions "perique tobacco." I have been trying for years to learn of perique tobacco and will be grateful if the Louisiana reader will explain it and tell where it is sold.—*Auburn Tiger.*

[Perique is a tobacco grown only in St. James Parish, Louisiana, the total production being rather small. It is used principally as a flavoring in pipe tobaccos and is highly aromatic. In Northern cities perique can be bought in any large tobacco shop. It is usually put up in hermetically sealed tins.—THE EDITOR.]

## SICK 'EM, GIRLS!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—My compliments to the artist who decorates your "front door." He certainly knows how to picture the "female of the species"! Like a Schopenhauer or a Nietzsche he portrays the conceit, vanity, and downright silliness peculiar to femininity—a very considerable part of the set at least—true to life.

I cannot recall a single picture of a woman on the front page of Liberty that did not represent, in one way or other, the foolish type of woman which can only arouse the contempt of any sensible man.—*E. L. Mengshoel.*

## OR A PUNCTURED ROMANCE

COFFEYVILLE, KAN.—I am surprised to learn that Mrs. Dall has just discovered cheese soufflé and is sending the recipe on to the White House. Why, I've known of it ever since war days, when I was trying to make tasty food in that meatless, flourless, sugarless time—and evidently not succeeding any too well, since a certain widow came along and stole my husband with her cheese soufflé.

Just a simple thing like that! However, after a year or two the romance fell flat. Perhaps it wasn't always possible for her to get him to meals just as the thing "soufflèd"—there's nothing sadder than a fallen soufflé!—*A. De Relict.*

## TAKE A SQUINT AT NEXT WEEK'S

CRESSON, PA.—Of late, successive issues of Liberty indicate that the agreeable metamorphosis in cover design is not temporary as feared. Such elimination of the feminine monopoly merits masculine cheers. What say, fellas?—*Michael Basarab.*

## ONE ARGUMENT WHY THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD FLY ITS OWN MAIL

DUNMORE, PA.—The United States government should operate the air mail to give the younger generation a wider field in which to seek a career.

Airports should be established at every strategic and commercial point in the country. The fields should be supervised by officials of the United States Aviation Corps.

Mail should be flown by pilots of the Aviation Corps and these positions should be competed for under civil service.

All privately owned airports should be placed under government control. In return for government protection, private air lines should be allowed to use airports for discharge of passengers and freight. At all airports a squadron of fighting planes should be maintained, so that pilots can practice military maneuvers when not flying mail. This would not only give employment but would build up an aviation reserve for use in emergencies.—*Merle J. Malia.*

## DEAR DOCTOR, READ THE ANSWER

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In Liberty of October 14 the answer to one of your Twenty Questions said that New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia were the three largest American cities.

How could you be sober and say such a thing? Presuming you meant area, I beg to inform you that Los Angeles is the largest city not only in the United States but in the world. It is fourteen miles long and twelve miles wide.—*Bruce Wheeler, M. D.*

[Our question did not refer to area but to population, and the three largest cities were correctly named. Los Angeles is the largest city in the United States in area of the city proper.—THE EDITOR.]

## HEH, HEH, HEH! FIVE BUCKS TOO LATE!

HONOLULU, T. H.—Of course you had to discontinue the Bright Sayings column just when I stumble on a real winner. You may feed it to the Vox Poppers, save a dollar, and thus cut down your overhead.

I asked my six-year-old nephew recently what he will be when he grows up. "An old man," he said, and wondered why I asked such a foolish question.—*H. H. Harders.*

## YOU WOULD DISCOVER THAT

ST. JOHNSVILLE, N. Y.—In your September 30 issue one of your Twenty Questions is, What is the longest word to be found in the English dictionary? and gives as an answer some word of many letters meaning honorableness. After spending about two weeks searching through dictionaries to check up, I claim your answer is all wet. I find the word "smiles," which is much longer because there is a mile between the first and last letters.—*A. J. Horn.*

## DON'T BURN IT

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Three big cheers for F. M. Schell! (Vox Pop for October 21.) Let's end this depression by putting our husbands to work. Let them bring home the bacon—we'll cook it.—*Mrs. E. Dooley.*

## MAKE THEM CARRY LETTERS FROM THEIR PASTORS

CEDAR FALLS, IA.—The most sensible thing that I have read for a long time is Rupert Hughes's article Fingerprint Everybody! in October 28 Liberty. Let's back up the idea by a circular petition to Congress to enact this into a federal law. Why not go a step further and require every one to be registered, and to register notice of change of residence or absence for more than ten days?—*J. F. Cross.*

## A TURBAN UNDER ANOTHER NAME

VALOIS, P. Q.—Your readers who in October 28 Vox Pop criticized the illustration of a Sikh in your magazine are themselves shaky on details.

The reference to a Sikh sergeant is incorrect. In the Indian army there is no such rank as "sergeant." The three-stripe N. C. O. rank corresponding to a sergeant is known as a "havildar."

The reference to Sikhs wearing turbans is also not strictly correct. The headdress worn by Sikhs is known as a "puggaree" or "safa" and never referred to as a turban by a Sikh.—*Indian Army Retired Officer.*

## SHIVER OUR BINNACLE, BILL McCOY CALLS US A LANDLUBBER!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Some yarn, in October 21 Liberty—The Trial of Commander Mackenzie. But I can't see how shaking a brace would send the whole topmast and yards to the deck. And will some one tell me how a man can be aloft on the royal yard when the lower mast that supports this yard has been carried away?

Many seafaring men read Liberty, and nothing so disgusts one as to have some landlubber talk seamanship.—*Bill McCoy.*

DETROIT, MICH.—I have just read The Trial of Commander Mackenzie in your October 21 issue.

Commander Mackenzie was born Alexander Slidell. His brother, John Slidell, was one of the Confederate commissioners captured in 1861 by Captain Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., from the Royal Mail steam packet liner Trent. This incident nearly caused a third war with England. Commander Mackenzie's son was Rear Admiral Morris R. S. Mackenzie, who commanded the U. S. S. Mayflower in the Spanish-American War.

Although severely criticized both in and out of the service for his procedure in this matter, it is the opinion of many legal minds, military, naval, and civil, that no other course lay open to Commander Mackenzie, who was an officer of unusual attainments.—*Gerald E. Cronin.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Referring to the story The Trial of Commander Mackenzie in October 21 Liberty, I have a recollection of having read somewhere that a series of such incidents, unrest among midshipmen after very long trips at sea, led to the founding of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and that the incident here chronicled was the climax.

As I recall it, the book was Our Naval Heritage by Lieutenant Commander Fitzhugh Green, U. S. N.—*S. F. Lawrence.*

## WHENCE CAME THE NAME BOYCOTT?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—In your Twenty Questions in the October 14 issue you say that the boycott was first employed by the Irish Land League in 1880. Can you tell one of your pioneer readers how this form of commercial pressure came by its name?—*J. Hopkinson.*

[At the time of the Land League a certain Captain Boycott, an Englishman, was land agent for Lord Erne in County Connemara. He was extremely harsh, especially in the matter of evicting tenants for nonpayment of rent. Finally the people living in that district agreed to ostracize Captain Boycott. They refused to have any dealing whatsoever with him. He could not buy anything in the district. He was finally reduced to such straits that he threw up his job and left the country. Since then his name has been applied to this form of pressure.—THE EDITOR.]

## WELL, ANYWAY, IT WAS A SWELL STORY

MONTREAL, QUE.—When I first lamped the illustrations in your interesting story For Valour, in October 21 Liberty, I thought it was a new contest you were running and that the idea was to find as many mistakes as possible in the pictures.

Sporrans, spats, and colored hosetops were not worn up the line—khaki aprons, khaki hosetops, and ankle puttees taking their place.

Also, the sergeant is shown wearing his stripes in the American style.—*Jock.*

## WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR A NICKEL?

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Take the October 14 issue of Liberty, Vox Pop and all.

Subtract that yarn of Kick-Off. Boy, what football!

Then take away Hearts and Swords. Oh, what dash!

What have you left? You're tellin' me! Just so much trash.—*Russell H. Minor.*

## HOW DID THEY LOSE THAT ONE?

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—I have especially enjoyed reading the article Kick-Off. However, I think the combination of Hackman, McEver, and Dodd of the University of Tennessee would stack up with the best the country has ever offered.

In all the time McEver, Hackman, and Dodd played at Tennessee they only lost one game, that to Alabama in 1930.

Bring on your Four Horsemen, your Ernie Neverses and Benny Friedmans—I'll put these three up against any of them.—*D. T. Waugh.*

## BIRDS OF PREY

MIAMI, FLA.—My Prince Mdivani and I is diverting but not a compliment to the intelligence of the one-time princess. Miss McCormic paints a picture of cold-blooded fortune hunters preying upon these beautiful, warm-hearted, rich women.

Reflection suggests that a woman who could write, or have written, a story of this sort about her personal background must, necessarily, lack the proper qualities to harmonize with the gentleman in question.—*B. Grover Flint.*

## THAT BOY CERTAINLY KNOWS HIS PARADOXES

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—If something appears to be one thing, that is indisputable evidence that it must be something else. Appearances are deceptive because they are appearances. That is typically Chestertonian and it is the theme which G. K. reiterates in every story, every paragraph, and almost every sentence of his which Liberty has published.

The constant repetition of that idea would become monotonous in the hands of an artist less skilled than he, but because of Chesterton's exquisite handling the reader, in the pleasure he feels following the involutions of G. K.'s agile mind, is willing to forget and forgive the fact that he writes the same story every time.—*Edward L. Brandon.*

## NEW STANDARD? IT'S JUST OUR REGULAR ONE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Advise why in seven kinds of hell do I buy your punk pamphlet, called a magazine, every week. Just a jit squandered. But at last you have published a football and a crime article worth twenty nickels. Now, how are the chances of keeping this new standard up?—*Frisbie.*

## A WARNING TO HOARDERS

BRIGHTWATERS, N. Y.—We all know that in spite of laws there are hoarders who put their money in all sorts of places.

To stop that practice I suggest that the government print new money of all denominations and set a date after which the old money will be valueless. That would catch the hoarders flat-footed.—*N. N. N.*

## HI-DE-HI AND LO-DE-LO

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I am too indignant to make this literary. In your October 28 issue you have a picture of an English ship being taken by Edinburgh men—in kilts!

I am an Edinburgh man born and bred, and I demand that you print my statement—that my forefathers there have worn breeches for just as long a time as yours. The sight of a man in kilts in the Edinburgh of 1704 must have been about as rare as it is in New York today. Highlanders wore kilts; Lowlanders wore breeches.—*T. H. Bell.*

## A FARMER RISES TO PROTEST

CEDAR FALLS, IA.—If our legislators could only have gotten it through their heads long ago that what really the farmer needed was not donations but reasonable governmental protection from the packing houses and Boards of Trade which fix or rather manipulate our prices for us, there would be no need for an agricultural adjustment, and this so-called "anomalous situation" referred to by Mr. Barger in your October 21 issue would not have arisen.

There is no economic principle that would warrant the same crop of hogs selling at prices leaping up and down every day like a jumping jack. The same applies to our grain crop.—*Constant Reader.*

*Warden Lewis E. Lawes. Football at Sing Sing is just one of the innovations he has made there.*

# *Bucking* Sing

## How Football Is Helping to the Famous Prison and Why

By **JOHN**
*Football Coach*

*(Reading time: 17 minutes 55 seconds.)*

WHEN the game is over they can't go out and drown their sorrow. They can't rally around a soda fountain, a cigar counter, or a bar and defiantly sing their alma mater song—they haven't any. They can't attend a dance and get even with fate by rushing the prettiest girls on the floor. They can't hurl trash cans down on the quadrangle from a second-floor stoop, and bay the moon. They can't start a rumpus that brings out the riot squad and gets them gloriously charged with disorderly conduct—and contented.

At Sing Sing, when a football game is over, rooters and players alike eat a hasty supper and troop over to the cell blocks to be locked in for the night. That's a grim enough ritual any night; but after the prison has lost a game it's extra dismal.

Their football means a lot to the inmates of Sing Sing. There are only a few satisfactory interests they can have in common, and football has become the most engrossing—except, of course, the thought of freedom. When a game is in progress they forget about being convicts—although once in a while an individual may revert to the fact briefly and sardonically, as did the Negro who raised his voice to a wail when a visiting punter sent the pigskin sailing over the prison wall: "Oh, baby, I sure would like to be riding on that ball!"

Wholly absorbed by the struggle, the twenty-five hundred inmates do not give much thought to their plight—for the time being. Their minds are temporarily released. They are simply men, much the same as any others, swayed by the human fascination of a contest in which there is a deep personal craving for victory.

Their emotions are stirred up. They are keyed to a high pitch. And there is no way for them to let down after the game. If they have lost, they can only pace their cells or sit on their bunks and brood, mulling over the game far into the night, alone.

So they must win. The inmates of Sing Sing have virtually all become rabid football fans. Everywhere within the gray walls there is a new spirit. Every one in the institution feels it. They *must* win!

Last season Sing Sing lost its third game—the first game that was lost that year. The whole prison population took the defeat pretty hard. The team felt it worst, of course. That was my first year as coach at Sing Sing—the first year the team had a professional coach, and they had been expecting to accomplish great things.

On Monday afternoon Lewis E. Lawes, warden of Sing Sing, came out to watch the practice. I'll never forget it. I honestly felt as if I were on the athletic field of a military school, and as if this man were the commandant, or the college president. Warden Lawes is like that. He knows what he is doing, and I am convinced he is doing it well.

He gave the men a pep talk, and let me tell you they ate it up. He did them more good than anything else could have done, and they'll never forget it. I've played on a lot of teams, I've coached a lot, and I've seen no end of practice; but I've never seen a team work harder than that one did the rest of the week.

ALTHOUGH he rules with an iron hand Warden Lawes has a way of doing simple human things that are in no way a compromise with sound penal traditions; and it is these little things that make him stand ace-high with the inmates and win from them the sort of coöperation that makes Sing Sing a model for prison administration. For instance, on that occasion he reached down in his own pocket and produced the money to have slow-motion pictures taken of the team in action, in order that the men might analyze their mistakes and correct them.

When Warden Lawes introduced football at Sing Sing several years ago, newspaper writers were inclined to regard the innovation as a huge joke. They wise-cracked about campus, graduation, first-year men, cheer leaders, letters, scholastic requirements, and so on.

*Sing Sing's 1933 squad, with Athletic Director Curtin,*

# the Line for Sing

*Coach John Law. That really is his name, and he was captain of Notre Dame's great team in 1929.*

### Regenerate the Inmates of Victory Means So Much to Them

## LAW

### at Sing Sing

I don't blame them. It was a wonderful opportunity. There never was anything specially funny about convicts playing baseball. But football is principally a college sport, and essentially amateur. So it was howlingly funny to think of convicts playing it.

When I became coach, that made the joke even funnier, because of my name—John Law—which is really my name. The coincidence was simply too good to be true: convicts being taught to play football by a man with a name in general use as a slang synonym for policeman; convicts willingly and eagerly taking orders from and coöperating with John Law—that was too much. I'll admit that I sort of got a kick out of the idea myself.

But that isn't how I happened to be coaching at Sing Sing. The fact that my name is John Law didn't have anything to do with it. I finished at Notre Dame in 1929, and was captain that year of the undefeated national champions. Football had become a part of my life. For two years after I returned to my home in Yonkers, New York, I coached at Manhattan College. But the future was beginning to bother me a little. I couldn't make up my mind what I wanted to do. I took a job as rental agent at Rockefeller Center in New York City.

About that time I was bitten by the political bug. As a candidate for the New York State Assembly I thought I would do well to keep myself in the public eye as much as possible. (Even so, I was eventually defeated.) I went up to Sing Sing with the Pawnee Democratic Club baseball team to play against the prison team. To be perfectly frank, I thought this might give my political prospects a boost.

Keystone View photos

*Warden Lawes, Assistant Director Reilly, and Coach Law.*

One of the men on the prison baseball team was Edwin C. "Alabama" Pitts. I took a great liking to Pitts as soon as I saw him, and he seemed to take a shine to me, too. Pitts is a natural athlete. He could hold his own today on any college football team, and could make good easily in pro baseball. He and I hit it off right away.

I was already very much impressed by the attitude of the prisoners toward sports and by what sports seemed to be doing for them. So I was in a splendid frame of mind to listen to the suggestion that came from Pitts. He and I were strolling across the field together—and it didn't seem to me that he could be what the world calls a criminal. He is so clean-cut, so sturdy, so dependable, so naïve, and so forthright. I wondered what on earth had happened to get him into a place like Sing Sing.

That day he told me about the football team. For several years there had been football teams at Sing Sing, but until the previous year these had been the prison shops' teams and the games had been all between them. Then the first "varsity" team had been organized and scheduled games played with semiprofessional teams that came in from "outside." The coach was George "Red" Hope, who is serving fifty-nine years, the last conviction on a charge of kidnaping. Hope is forty-five and a good athlete, but his football experience was limited. However, I found that he was a valuable man, so I made him assistant coach and he has been a big help to me.

Pitts had made quite a study of football. I was amazed at his knowledge of the game and the men who had played it. He thought the team needed a coach who had played college football, and he asked me why I didn't come up and help them. There wasn't any money in it, of course; but it would be an interesting experience.

I took it up with Gerald Curtin, civilian director of athletics at Sing Sing, and he spoke to Warden Lawes, who took to the idea immediately. So presently I found myself coaching at Sing Sing—the first, I believe, and perhaps the only professional football coach to take charge of a prison team. I was reminded of a celebrated remark of my former coach, Knute Rockne. Shortly before his death Rockne said if his team didn't win the alumni were always on his neck, and he'd like to coach at some place like Sing Sing, where the alumni have no voice whatever in regard to athletic activities.

Before I visited the prison I had the common attitude

*The " factory's " parade on the field before the opening game this season.*

toward convicts. I imagined they must be a hard, sullen, suspicious, and tricky lot of men—probably very difficult and dangerous to deal with. One of the biggest surprises of my life was the discovery that I simply could not look on these men who were serving time as criminals, not even if I tried to. Even in the beginning I had no queer feeling about associating intimately with them. And I soon learned that nearly every conventional idea about them is wrong. They are entirely human and amazingly normal in their mental processes, their opinions, and their judgment.

There wasn't time last season to introduce the Rockne System. All I could hope to do at first was whip the team into shape as best I could. I needed one key man with college football experience, so I called on Dick Reilly, the baseball coach and assistant athletic director, who had formerly played at Holy Cross. He isn't an inmate, incidentally. I used him as quarterback last year, but this season we don't need any " ringers " on the team.

Out of the nine games we played last season we won five and tied two. At the time I was only able to give the team one afternoon a week on account of my work at Radio City. But since then I have received an appointment as an investigator for the Westchester County Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, and this new work being more flexible in regard to hours, I will be able to give more time to coaching. We even got in a little spring training this year. We are developing a pony backfield composed of two Negroes and two white men, and at this writing I really expect them to be sensational.

Any Grade-A prisoner—that is, one who has not lost through breach of prison rules the privileges with which he begins his term—can go out for the team. This season we had 125 at the tryout and kept 35.

THE average age of the men is about one year above the average age of men playing college football. Most of them had never played any kind of football before, not even in high school, and most of them were sentenced for robbery—but I can't explain why men serving time for robbery make the best players for a prison team. Perhaps it is simply that there are many men serving time for robbery of one sort or another.

The men who make the team have to carry on their regular work, whatever it is, just the same, and they get no extra privileges. There is no training table.

All Grade-A prisoners are allowed to spend three dollars a week—of their own money, if they have any—for extra food at the prison commissary, and are allowed to cook this extra food themselves. Luxuries are forbidden. The regular prison fare provided on the twenty-one cents a day allowed by the state for each convict is quite adequate, wholesome, and substantial, but it is on the whole a very simple and coarse fare. The allowance does not make it possible to supply fresh vegetables and fruit.

Curiously enough, the one luxury most craved by these men—supposed by the world to be hard and unregenerate—is ice cream. After one field meet the prize winners pooled all their winnings and bought an enormous quantity of ice cream for all the men who participated in the meet. They had a grand ice-cream orgy.

Even without a training table, however, the team as a whole is in better condition than the average college team. It's impossible for the men to break training! They have to observe regular hours, of course. But in addition they voluntarily try to keep in good shape by hard training the year around.

No great amount of diplomacy is necessary in handling them. They are not temperamental, as college players often are. They are wise, and they respond quickest to direct treatment. When a man pulls a boner, he wants to know right away what was wrong, and he will listen to an explanation before the whole team without chagrin or humiliation.

As coach I do not have to worry over whether or not the men on the team are going to come up to " scholastic requirements." The only thing that would disqualify a man would be an infraction of some prison rule—but there's faint chance of that. They are all too eager to play.

Since all of our games are home games, we don't have to worry about keeping the men fit on the road. We don't have any " athletic scholarship " men to be pampered, either; we don't have subsidized players.

ON the other hand, every once in a while we " graduate " a good man right in the middle of the season. Naturally, when a man's term is up he goes out into the world again, no matter how much the team might need him! To offset this disadvantage, however, we have players who are going to be with us for a long time; and since there is no " four-year " rule, by the time they complete their long stretches they ought to be rattling good football men. Three of our best players are serving terms of from twenty to forty years.

Occasionally a visitor, unaware of a football game being in progress, arrives to see one of the players. The man is immediately excused from the game, of course, and goes up to the visitors' room in the administration building. Visitors from home are rare enough to the men at Sing Sing, and the opportunity of seeing one is more important to a man than anything else. As far as possible, nothing is allowed to stand in the way of it.

During one game the wife and child of a player arrived. The team hated to see him leave—he was a valuable man—but nothing was said to reveal disappointment. That wouldn't have been fair. And the most curious thing about these prison inmates is that they have a way of being fair at all times. So nothing was said and the team plugged on without him. In the fourth quarter he came running down the hill, went in the game shortly before the final whistle, and got a chance to throw the forward pass that decided the contest.

When football was first started at the prison, the men were given old uniforms by a professional football team in New York known as the Giants. Now they have new uniforms and equipment, bought with money taken in as gate receipts. The prison's share—75 per cent—of gate receipts last year came to $10,000. This was put in the fund of the Mutual Welfare League, the prisoners' own organization, which is in charge of all games and recrea-

tional activities. The games are open to the public and one dollar admission is charged.

After the success of last season, part of the gate receipts were used to purchase black leather coats for every man in the prison. These coats, with regulation trousers of gray, give the prison population a neat appearance that is distinctive and utterly different from the degrading stripes of former years. The men also have gray sweaters and many wear white shirts and black ties. On a holiday they do not have the appearance of prisoners, but seem, both in dress and bearing, to be military cadets or enlisted men around an army barracks.

They look healthy, almost all of them. Their color is good. They have self-respect. When they march into the mess hall they step out with springing gait.

One of the big features of the football games is the parade that precedes the kick-off. This is led by the twelve-year-old daughter of Warden Lawes, Joan Lawes, affectionately known to the prisoners as Chérie. In her own distinctive little uniform, Chérie heads the band, which is followed by the drill corps. The band and the drill corps both have uniforms that would do credit to any military academy; they were tailored for the men by the same tailor that supplies West Point. The conductor of the band is a professional musician sentenced for forgery. The drill corps is composed of two companies, one made up of Negroes and the other of white men. Men try out for the drill corps just as they do for the teams.

The big football game of the year at Sing Sing is the game with the police team of Port Jervis, New York. For to the inmates the police of Port Jervis represent all police, and while the rivalry in this game is all fair and mainly good-humored, it is fierce. The men would rather win that game than any other. When they hit one of those Port Jervis police they hit him. And when one of the "factory" men goes down—at Sing Sing they always speak of their team as the "factory" team—he won't give up until he can't move. For real football fighting this game has few equals. It draws the biggest crowd of the year, too—was attended last season by eighteen hundred spectators from "outside."

LAST year the men carried a stretcher in the parade with a dummy policeman on it. They had a big banner inscribed, "You can't win because John Law is on our side!"—which got a big laugh from all sides. Every time one of the policemen went down, out would run two "factory" men with the stretcher and the band would play a funeral dirge. The team has a mascot they refer to as the "black sheep"—but it is really a black goat.

As in no other sport that has been introduced at Sing Sing, the population is behind football. Frequently during baseball games the inmates will root for opposing players, but never at football games. And men who had never seen a gridiron before have been completely captivated by the game, and talk incessantly about its fine points, about comparative scores, trick plays, pigskin heroes. Around the athletic office and the recreation hall it is quite common to hear a banker, let's say, who is doing time for concealing assets, in a hot argument with a burglar over whether or not the quarterback should have called for a kick on the third down.

I'm told that football has become the outstanding topic of conversation, instead of "crime," as of old. They say that now the only men who speak of their "cases" are the new ones, and these soon grow out of the habit.

Take "Alabama" Pitts, for example. He did not tell me how he happened to be at Sing Sing until I deliberately made an opening. Pitts came from Opelika, Alabama, where his grandfather was once chief of police. His father died when he was six years old, and his mother later took him to Peoria, Illinois. When he was fifteen he enlisted in the navy—he looked older. He got his first taste of football in the navy. He was discharged at the end of his enlistment in New York. He couldn't find a job; he was cold and hungry. A companion who had served in the navy with him, and who was several years older, said if Pitts had any nerve he would quit wishing for money and go out and get it. Pitts said he had nerve enough for anything—and he has. The two launched on a lawless career that lasted just two months. They were holding up a chain store when a policeman caught them red-handed. The older man thrust the gun in Pitts's hand. Pitts could have shot before the policeman saw him, but he didn't. He "took the rap," an indeterminate sentence of from eight to sixteen years. He has served four and, under the good-behavior regulations, has two to go.

SOMETIMES the relatives of inmates come to see them play. Last season, in the Port Jervis game, our fullback was William Moran, a New York East Sider nicknamed Jumbo because of his 240 pounds. Just before he went into the game his mother, who had come up to see him play, called out to him, "Be careful and don't get hurt!"

Jumbo is the only "graduate" in my experience to take up football after leaving. I found him a job with a semipro team in Paterson, New Jersey. He was advertised as an ex-convict making good through football and attracted quite a crowd.

The men at Sing Sing have ways of expressing appreciation that are sometimes almost embarrassing. When I first began coaching there, without a word to me they would shine the shoes I had left in the dressing room, or wash my shirts. At the end of the season they took up a collection and presented me with a gold wrist watch suitably engraved. They also elected me to honorary membership in the Mutual Welfare League, and presented me with a hand-illuminated parchment certificate of membership lettered by one of them.

The warden never misses a game. Years ago, when he was in the army, he played football himself, and he knows as well as any one what it can do for men.

Consider one grave problem of prison life that is usually ignored in public discussions: the absence of any normal outlet for sex. Games offer the only solution. Games, and particularly football, are doing much to improve the stamina of the men at Sing Sing—at least, so the inmates tell me, and they ought to know.

An inmate said to me the other day: "Football is doing more for the prisoners at Sing Sing than all the reform measures in the world could do." Another came to me and said, rather diffidently: "You know, Johnny, if I had played football as a kid I don't think I would be here now." He was from the slums of New York.

I believe he was right.

THE END

Wide World photos

*"They must win," so they did this game, beating Williams Bridge's Holy Name Society's football team, 36 to 0. The man making a touchdown is Moon Byrd, the Sing Sing star.*

# We Must Be Hard

*(Reading time: 22 minutes 40 seconds.)*

MRS. ARBUTHNOT was forty-five, a widow of the type conventionally described as comely. She was blessed with an amiable disposition, excellent social standing, an apartment on Park Avenue, and a daughter named Judith. In the five years since Mr. Arbuthnot's demise the good lady's life had been punctuated at more or less regular intervals by the spectacular detonations of concerns in which her late husband, with perhaps more optimism than judgment, had invested his capital. These incidents had rather annoyed Mrs. Arbuthnot, who had only the vaguest idea of what it was all about, and she was really a little relieved when the last one finally gave up the ghost. She went along in her own unflurried way, and was naïvely amazed one morning when no less than eight checks bounced back from the bank together.

"The idea!" she exclaimed. "What do you suppose this means?"

"Probably," said Judith, "it means that we haven't any more money in the bank."

"Absurd!" Mrs. Arbuthnot declared. "We always have money in the bank. I shall phone Mr. Halliday at once."

"Perhaps I'd better do the phoning," Judith interposed quietly. "No, I'll go around and see him."

So she went to the office of the executor of what was left of her father's estate.

"I've warned your mother fifty times," Mr. Halliday told Judith. "I've written her detailed letters; I've explained; I've advised." He made a gesture of hopelessness.

"Suppose you tell me about it," Judith suggested.

It took about an hour, at the end of which time Judith groped her way to the nearest park bench and sat there in the warm spring sunshine. When her brain finally cleared she thought she would better take the subway home to save taxi fare; but on second thought she decided to walk and save subway fare.

Judith was a tall, svelte girl, with dark brown hair, clear gray eyes, a firm little chin. Now, after a long (and economical) walk in the crisp spring sunlight, her cheeks were extraordinarily bright, and there was something in those gray eyes that gave new character to her entire bearing.

"We must forget a lot of inhibitions," she announced to her mother. "We must be thoroughly hard-boiled. We must capitalize every asset we have. Perhaps you can indorse a soap or something."

Mrs. Arbuthnot was horrified. "My dear! What an utterly revolting idea!"

"Well, we've got to do something," returned Judith grimly. "If you can think of anything better, go ahead."

Immediately after luncheon Judith went to the bank to straighten things out. Then there were various creditors to be talked to, and it was late afternoon before she reached home again. There she found Mrs. Arbuthnot serving tea to a large and somewhat paunchy gentleman with a red face.

"Oh!" Judith was momentarily taken aback. "Good afternoon, Mr. Rudolph."

The gentleman rose and favored her with a gold-toothed smile. He took her hand between his own slightly puffy ones.

"Maybe you'll call me Max now, huh?" he suggested.

Judith made no reply. She gave Mr. Rudolph a small chilly smile and went to her own room, where she remained out of sight until at last she heard him depart.

Her mother appeared, beaming:

"My dear!" she cried. "Everything is arranged. I had no idea it would be so simple!"

"Would you mind," Judith inquired, "explaining what you have been up to now?"

"Only what you told me to do," her mother explained, gently reproving. "Something better than that horrid soap." She paused for dramatic effect. "I have fixed everything up, Judy, for you to marry Mr. Rudolph. I just invited him over for tea and sounded him out—with delicacy, of course. I was astounded, my dear—literally astounded—at what a nice person he really is! And, Judy darling, his wealth is simply incredible!"

Judith controlled herself. "You know I can't marry him, mother," she explained patiently. "It's not that I have anything special against him, except that he's old enough to be my father. But I'm engaged to Tommy Evans."

"But, Judy," Mrs. Arbuthnot protested, "Tommy is penniless now—literally penniless! It would be years before you could marry him. And Mr. Rudolph is such a fine man. I mean he's really quite nice for one who has made so much money so quickly. Of course, he has no social standing now, but if he married an Arbuthnot—"

"Here's one Arbuthnot he'll never be married to!" Judith cried. "You must be losing your mind!"

Mrs. Arbuthnot drew herself up to the full extent of her five feet two: "This was your idea in the first place. You said we must overcome inhibitions—indorse soap and things like that. You know—capitalize our assets. Why, the Arbuthnot name is our best asset, and it's worth ever so much more to Mr. Rudolph than to those soap people."

JUDITH struggled in the web of her own logic.

"I'll get a job. This family has more assets than you think. You leave everything to me!"

Mrs. Arbuthnot wiped away the beginning of a tear. "Of course, darling," she said. "Only—only poor Mr. Rudolph will be *so* disappointed!"

Craving moral support, Judith phoned for a dinner date with Mr. Tommy Evans.

She got him as he was leaving his office; which was fortunate, as that was the only place a phone call would reach him. For Mr. Evans, though a conventional young man in most respects, persisted in residing on a steam yacht. This admirable craft, a seagoing two-hundred-footer, constituted the sum total of his inheritance, and he lived aboard for the excellent economic reason that it saved him paying rent. At the moment she was tied up in a shipyard in the unknown wilds to the north. In fact, she had been tied there for so long that the shipyard proprietor had slapped a lien on her for back storage and held her pending such time as these would aggregate enough to enable him to take her over *in toto*.

"As I see it," young Mr. Evans declared, after listen-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FISK

The Story of a Park Avenue Lamb and . . . Well, Was There a Goat or Wasn't There?

# -Boiled

By

## FRANK O. HOUGH

ing to Judith, "the only thing for us to do is to get married, pronto."

Mr. Evans, like a good Yale man, was on Wall Street, learning what his employers, with the congenital optimism of their genus, referred to as "the business." For his services he received thirty dollars a week and the opportunity, delicately cited whenever he asked for a raise, of buying into the firm as a junior partner when, as, and if he could lay on the line an amount of cash running into six figures.

"We could get along some way," he urged hopefully.

"No, Tommy. There's only one thing to do. I'm going to get a job, and we'll have to put off indefinitely any idea of getting married."

"But what sort of job do you suppose you can get, Judy?"

"Well," she said, "I'm planning to capitalize my greatest asset."

"And that is?"

"If you haven't noticed," she rejoined tartly, "I'm certainly not going to tell you."

IT took Judith two weeks to get a job. The clientele at Mr. Schuberg's cloak-and-suit factory differed from that at the Junior League Style Show. But Mr. Schuberg paid her twenty-five dollars a week.

She did not like her job. She was able, however, to keep her dislike from becoming apparent during working hours, and Mr. Schuberg commended her toward the end of the second week.

"I'm telling you," he declared. "You wear clothes like them big buyers never seen before. You got more salesmanship in that snooty way you walk than I got after forty years in this business."

But in the evening she was too tired to convey the impression that her life was unalloyed pleasure.

*A photographer kept Judith busy posing.*

"I'm so worried," Mrs. Arbuthnot remarked at tea one afternoon. "I'm sure Judith is having a simply awful time."

She was conversing tête-à-tête with Mr. Rudolph, who had dropped in to take "no" for an answer for the fourth time. After the first experience he preferred to take his "nos" from Mrs. Arbuthnot.

Mr. Rudolph brightened. He knew that Judith had some sort of job, but to all previous inquiries Mrs. Arbuthnot had assumed a convenient vagueness. This seemed an excellent opportunity to post himself, so he came to the point with characteristic lack of circumlocution.

"Why, she"—Mrs. Arbuthnot felt that she was being mildly indelicate—"she's what I believe is called a model or a mannequin or something."

"Imagine it!" gasped Mr. Rudolph. "A girl of her position—showing herself like a—like a chorus girl!"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Arbuthnot assured him hastily. "It's only suits and coats that she models."

Mr. Rudolph was relieved, but he saw that the situation was still one of grave importance.

"You must insist that she stop it at once," he declared.

Mrs. Arbuthnot waved helpless hands. "She'd just laugh at me. She's so headstrong and determined. She seems to be doing well. Her employer has praised her—"

"Hmmmmm!" said Mr. Rudolph.

Dark suspicions flashed through his mind: visions of sinister wolves of the cloak-and-suit trade stalking the innocent lamb of Park Avenue.

"I got it!" he cried, after a moment.

Mr. Rudolph's plan made up in directness what it might have lacked in subtlety. Mrs. Arbuthnot listened in the wide-eyed admiration she reserved for big strong men of action. Mr. Rudolph soothed her rudimentary qualms.

"WE, as experienced older people," he reassured her, "realize what is best for Judith's interests far better than she can. Perhaps she'll feel badly, but, as Napoleon said, 'To have an omelet, you must break some eggs.' Or, as Elbert Hubbard—"

"Oh, Mr. Rudolph," cried the ecstatic Mrs. Arbuthnot, "I think you're wonderful! I mean your plan. So resourceful!"

"It's a pretty good little plan, if I do say so myself," he admitted with becoming modesty. "But of course," he added, "you must never let Judith find out about it. She might not—er—she might not understand."

So the following afternoon Judith lost her job. She received two weeks' pay and a fine letter of recommenda-

tion from Mr. Schuberg, who was genuinely sorry to let her go. Something in his attitude, his evasiveness, convinced her that there was more in this matter than met the eye, and within ten minutes of her arrival at home she was able to worm the entire story out of her mother.

"Of all the perfectly filthy tricks! And you helped him!"

"Oh, please, Judy!" Mrs. Arbuthnot cried, anguished. "Don't you see? It's all for your own good. It was your happiness we were thinking of. You can't—eh—Napoleon or Elbert Hubbard or somebody said you can't break eggs without having scrambled eggs. Oh, dear, that's not it! Mr. Rudolph expressed it so well."

Her forehead wrinkled in perplexed thought. Looking at her, Judith felt her wrath abate. It was replaced by a sense of utter futility.

Tom Evans listened to her story that evening with every sign of righteous wrath, though he had disliked the idea of Judith being a model from the first.

"Why, the big bum!" he exclaimed. "That settles it, Judy. Now we'll simply have to get married, and then—"

"Of course not, Tom," she said wearily. "Nothing is changed so far as you and I are concerned. And I can't leave mother. She meant well, I suppose. I'll get another job. I can try, anyway."

"He'll just buy you out again."

"Maybe I can keep him from finding out where I am."

"Now, Judy, listen. Things will be better soon. Believe it or not, I had a nibble on the Platypus today. Sibley, the big yacht broker, called up and said he had a prospect. Now if I could get a decent price for her, I could buy into the firm—"

"Oh, Tommy! Do stop daydreaming!" Judith broke in. "You can't sell her, anyway, till that lien is paid off."

THE following morning Judith resumed her dreary round of pavement pounding. Late in the afternoon she arrived at the office of Mr. Abe Zivinski. Mr. Zivinski manufactured a very fine line of expensive evening gowns, precisely the sort of gowns people could do without if they had to. Hence he was not too busy at the moment to give a little time to an attractive young lady.

"No kidding," he told her, "you're just the type we want. I'd take you on in a minute, only"—he spread his hands broadly—"only what can a fella do? The business ain't there, that's all."

"Mr. Schuberg," Judith said, "gave me a recommendation."

"Bennie Schuberg?"

Judith handed him Mr. Schuberg's letter. He read it, a puzzled expression coming over his shrewd face.

"That's funny," he remarked, handing it back. "If Bennie thought enough of you to write a letter like this, how come he let you go in two weeks?"

*"You're looking well," he managed to say. "I ought to!" Judith declared. She observed that her mother was signaling frantically.*

Judith was tired and even more discouraged. In the whole long day of repeated disappointments, Mr. Zivinski had been the only person to give her so much as a friendly word. She found herself suddenly blurting out the entire story to him.

Mr. Zivinski's eyes opened wider as he listened. His first incredulity gave place to real indignation.

"What a lousy trick!" he cried. "Say! There's nothing too bad for a guy who'd do that!"

"Not much can be done about it, unfortunately," Judith said. She rose and smiled with faint irony. "You see, Mr. Zivinski, you've passed up a chance to make some good money quite easily."

"WAIT a minute," Mr. Zivinski interposed quickly. He grabbed the telephone and began to talk. Judith recognized the number. She sank back into the chair, breathless. For an instant she did not know whether she was thrilled or merely frightened by the inspiration that had popped into her newly practical mind.

Mr. Zivinski finished his telephone conversation.

"Bennie Schuberg says this guy paid him your salary for a full year to let you go," he announced. "Bennie was paying you twenty-five, he says."

"That," Judith declared, steadying her voice, "should make me worth about forty to you."

"Sixty," returned Mr. Zivinski with a grin. "Maybe you and me can talk business after all, huh?"

"Maybe," Judith admitted. "But one has to be hard-boiled, I've discovered. I won't consider less than a fifty-fifty split."

"I should beat down an honest working girl!" cried Mr. Zivinski indignantly. "You report tomorrow morning."

Judith hurried home and, quite as she had expected, found Mr. Rudolph taking tea with her mother.

"Oh, hello!" said Judith, feigning pleasant surprise.

Mr. Rudolph struggled to his feet.

"You—er—you're looking very well," he managed to say.

"I ought to!" Judith declared warmly. "I've just had the most amazing stroke of luck!" She observed that her mother was signaling her frantically.

"Luck?" inquired Mr. Rudolph.

Judith addressed her mother. "I've landed a new job already, darling. And the best job! Why, it pays more than twice what the old one did!"

Mrs. Arbuthnot had turned pale and was making futile motions with her chin, trying to produce words.

Judith turned to Mr. Rudolph. "You see," she explained, "I lost my position only yesterday."

Mr. Rudolph cleared his throat. "Your mother mentioned that you were a—er—a model."

Judith smiled. "Why, yes. It's evening gowns now. That's what I should have tried in the first place, mother. It pays ever so

*Judith reached in her bag for Mr. Zivinski's check. "Would this be enough?"*

much better, because it requires an even better figure. More of it shows, you know. I had no idea mine was good enough, but after Mr. Zivinski had looked me all over—" From the corner of her eye she observed that Mr. Rudolph was making a furtive notation on his cuff.

"Well, I must hurry to change now," she continued. "You'll excuse me, won't you?"

As soon as Mr. Rudolph had gone, Mrs. Arbuthnot hastened to her daughter's room.

"Oh, my dear!" she gasped. "I was so afraid you were going to be rude to Max—I mean Mr. Rudolph. I was afraid you would let him know I'd told you about what he had done. You see, he made me promise I wouldn't tell."

Judith smiled dreamily. "You know, mother, I think Mr. Rudolph brings me luck. Don't let that put any ideas into your head," she amended quickly.

Mrs. Arbuthnot was disappointed. "I'd begun to hope—"

"Once and for all, no!" Judith took compassion on the visible wilting of her mother. "Don't take it so hard, darling. I know what I'm doing."

Her mother sighed. "But if you only knew Max—I mean Mr. Rudolph. That is, if you only knew how nice he—"

"If you feel that way," Judith cut in sarcastically, "why don't you marry him yourself?"

"Why, Judith! The very idea!"

THE next day Judith modeled evening gowns. She modeled them principally for the edification of Mr. Zivinski, although a couple of out-of-town buyers, probably by mistake, did happen in.

Mr. Zivinski proved an appreciative audience. "You got the stuff," he remarked. "If only business wasn't so rotten, there ain't nobody could buy you off this job."

"Maybe nobody is going to try," Judith observed gloomily.

But the phone rang at last, and Mr. Zivinski, with a broad wink, shooed her off to her dressing room.

When she was summoned back to his office a half hour later, he was in the act of signing a check.

"You're fired," he announced, and handed her the check. It was for $1,560.

Judith gulped in spite of herself. "Did—did you have any difficulty?" she inquired.

"Yeah," grunted Mr. Zivinski. "The cheap skate! When I told him how much you was getting, he asks is it customary to pay models sixty a week. I tells him no, but with a figure like you got and your social position and all, sixty is cheap beside what the lingerie people would pay."

Judith raised a thoughtful eyebrow. "Lingerie?"

"That's right," agreed Mr. Zivinski. "Lingerie models get more because they wear less. And they pose for advertising photographs, you know."

"I see," Judith said slowly.

"I thought you would," said Mr. Zivinski. "That's why I dictated a letter to Epstein & Schwaulbaum—they got the Pert Panties line, you know. Nice goods. You just hand this note to Moe Epstein, and you're as good as hired. And, listen. When business picks up, I got a steady job for you. Be sure and come in."

JUDITH dined that evening with Tommy Evans. He was sunk in the depths of gloom.

"It's the damnable irony that gets me," he said, when pressed. "I'll never be able to make any money until I can buy into the firm. I can't buy in till I can sell the Platypus, and I can't sell the Platypus till I can pay off that lien, and I can't get money to pay off the lien till I sell her—"

"Cheer up!" Judith put in lightly. "You can't get anybody to buy the silly boat anyway, so why worry about the rest?"

Mr. Evans's jaw gaped. "But didn't I tell you? I have a buyer! That chap Sibley has had in tow. He's crazy about the boat and was ready to close the deal today. I had to put it off, of course, and now Sibley will probably get him all steamed up about some other yacht while I'm still arguing with that dumb-bell at the shipyard. If I could only show him a little cold cash! He hasn't seen any for so long, it's just possible—"

Judith reached in her bag for Mr. Zivinski's check. "Would this be enough to pry him loose?"

Mr. Evans looked at the check.

"Judy!" His tone arrested her. "What have you been doing?"

He heard her story with gradually changing expression.

"You see how it is," she urged at last. "Poetic justice, really. He used the power of his money unfairly, and I'm just getting back at him the same way. When so much depends on it, Tommy, you simply have to be hard-boiled."

"I can't take that money, Judy," he said slowly. "I can't take money that belongs to you."

"Don't be a perfect ass, Tom! You've got to take it. Here we are, both of us stalled—checkmated—until you can get that partnership. After that—well, marriage is a partnership itself, isn't it? What's yours is mine and what's mine is yours."

"But we're not married yet, Judy. We're only—"

"Before this deal is finished," Judith declared, "you'll simply have to make an honest woman of me. Now please, Tommy— Oh, please stop your silly quibbling and take this check."

"Well—" said Mr. Evans at last with a great show of reluctance.

Judith found Mr. Moe Epstein a man receptive to new ideas. A man of resource too, reluctant to leave anything to chance. He not only put his proposition in writing, but called in a photographer who kept Judith so busy posing that she was late reaching home that evening.

"My new job," she remarked casually, tossing a large flat envelope on the living-room table. Then she fled to meet Tommy Evans before her mother should have a chance to investigate.

Mr. Rudolph arrived posthaste in response to Mrs. Arbuthnot's frantic telephone call. He entered the apartment beaming, rubbing his large hands together.

"Listen!" he cried. "I got the swellest surprise— Why, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Arbuthnot, speechless, could only wave the flat manila envelope at him. It flew open and from it cascaded a number of glossy photographs. Stooping to pick them up, Mr. Rudolph found himself gazing at a most fetching likeness of Miss Judith Arbuthnot, clad only in— Mr. Rudolph delicately averted his eyes.

"L-look at them!" Mrs. Arbuthnot commanded.

Mr. Rudolph looked. It was, he discovered, not so difficult after the first shock. Not difficult at all in fact. Dutifully he thought of the Social Register and managed to feel shocked again.

"JUDITH—" began Mrs. Arbuthnot. She waved helpless hands. "Oh, this is more than I can bear!"

Mr. Rudolph, however, was observing a sheet of white stationery which lay amid the photographs. It proved to be a memorandum addressed to Miss Judith Arbuthnot, agreeing to a weekly payment of $100 for services to include modeling lingerie in the showroom and posing for photographs for advertising and publicity purposes. Deep in Mr. Rudolph's not too ingenuous mind popped the suspicion that he was being taken for what is vulgarly known as a ride.

"Now, listen—" he began grimly.

He was arrested by the convulsive sobs of his hostess.

"Whatever will become of her?" she wailed.

Mr. Rudolph did not know. It occurred to him suddenly that he did not care. What on earth had possessed him, a successful man of nearly fifty, to contemplate marriage with a willful, callow flapper? Pretty, no doubt, but obviously quite without scruples. He reached for his hat.

Mrs. Arbuthnot's stricken eyes stared up at him. "You—you're not g-going to leave me like—like—"

Mr. Rudolph hesitated. It was only too apparent that to leave now meant never to come back. He had never realized how much he had enjoyed those afternoon chats, those pleasant evenings in the cozy living room.

Mrs. Arbuthnot had begun to sob again—tremulous, helpless little sobs.

"I—I was just going out to hunt up the fellow who took those pictures," he began. He fumbled with his hat and shifted from one foot to the other.

"Oh, Max! I knew you wouldn't fail me!"

Mr. Rudolph put down his hat. He strode across the room and laid an awkward hand on Mrs. Arbuthnot's shoulder.

"There, there," he urged. "Don't cry, Mrs.—er—that is, I mean, don't cry, Adeline."

Mrs. Arbuthnot smiled up through her tears at the big strong man.

"Adelaide," she corrected gently.

IT was late the following afternoon when Judith got home. She let herself in with her latchkey. Tommy Evans lagged behind a little sheepishly. The only thing that had caused him real worry during this whole hectic day of important transactions was the prospect of confronting his newly acquired mother-in-law. He was not prepared, however, to confront her in precisely this situation.

"Mother!" gasped Judith.

Mrs. Arbuthnot-that-was disengaged herself from the arms of a suddenly flustered Mr. Rudolph.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried. "I'm so glad you've come! Isn't it wonderful?" Her daughter's shocked gaze brought her up for an instant. "Don't look at me that way, darling. I've only done what you told me to."

"I told you?"

"Of course! Max and I were married this morning."

Judith sank weakly into a chair. "But, mother, I—"

"And we're *so* happy! Aren't we, Max?"

Mr. Rudolph's embarrassment was seldom more than momentary. Now his golden smile beamed upon the assembly.

"We sure are!" he declared. "And it won't be my fault if we don't stay that way." An idea struck him, and he paused. "Seems like we ought to get better acquainted, maybe. What you say we all go on a nice long cruise, huh?"

Judith looked at him. "Cruise?"

"Sure!" His smile flashed again. "That's the newest surprise. Just bought her this morning." He frowned. "What the devil does Platypus mean, anyhow?"

THE END


KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED

CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED

EACH PUFF REFRESHES

Light your first KOOL—and you notice a pleasant hint of mild menthol. Finish a pack and you notice only that your throat *stays* refreshed. KOOLS are mildly mentholated by a process that cools the smoke but fully preserves the fine Turkish-Domestic tobacco flavor. FREE coupon in each pack. Save 85 and get a bridge set (2 decks) of initialed Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards ..... other premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

CELLOPHANE WRAPPED

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

# Hell

## CAMPAIGNING WITH THE

*Villa became frantic. He was afraid of being betrayed to the Americans.*

## Pancho Villa Holes Up—Trapped, Tortured, Tempted—Deep River, and Tiburcio's Reward

*(Reading time: 20 minutes 5 seconds.)*

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

DAWN came quickly. When the roosters began their crowing, Villa insisted that it was time to start. He had awakened without fever.

The clean mule cart with its white awning stood in front of the house. Tiburcio himself sat in the driver's seat. Villa was carried out to the cart and gently laid on a mattress, his leg wrapped up in an old blanket. The Villistas gathered around, eyes frightened, and Villa had to sit up on his elbows.

"I shall be gone for a while only. Your chiefs know

# Dogs!

## MADMAN OF MEXICO

where we will reunite, so keep on fighting. You're in good hands."

All the generals shook hands with the wounded man.

"So long. Don't forget when—or where, either."

"No, general."

"Where are we going?" asked Tiburcio.

"None of your business, old one. You just drive on and when I say turn, you turn."

The mules trotted through the paved streets. The Villistas exploded in shouts and shots until the cart took the road to Minaca. Seven men on horseback surrounded it.

When Ciudad Guerrero appeared in the distance, shining in the sun's first rays, Villa spoke to Tiburcio.

"Now, old one, go straight ahead all day and all night. At dawn we must be in Los Alamos."

At dawn they were there. They plodded on toward the south, toward the Santa Ana mountains where Villa knew of a good hiding place, a big cave well hidden by high pine trees. With the last ounce of their strength they dragged him up the almost perpendicular slope. Cursing and complaining, he gave them directions for each foot of the way. Finally they reached the cave and immediately proceeded to hide the almost invisible opening in rocks and foliage.

Villa then dismissed all but three, one of whom was Tiburcio.

For twenty-seven days Villa lay in the dark cave helpless and feverish. Every night the two younger men went down for water. One night they did not come back.

Villa became frantic. Tiburcio asked permission to go look for them, but Villa had grown suspicious. He was afraid of being betrayed to the Americans.

Tiburcio swore he would die before he told. Finally the old man's sincerity convinced Villa, and in the middle of the night he started down the mountain.

He felt his way out of the cave and looked up at the skies. The Milky Way extended over his head. He stood for a moment between the two trees at the entrance to their refuge, and tried to pierce the darkness. He was afraid of the night, afraid that the silence held treason or a trap. He would have thought he was still in the cave, it was so dark, had not he felt the wind on his face.

Pulling himself together, he started down among the rocks and holes. He made a false step and sent a rock rolling down into the mysterious blackness.

He realized that the noise of it had surely penetrated the cave, and guessed the thoughts of his wounded chief: "That imbecile Tiburcio! I hope he gets smashed to bits!" He smiled and continued his descent. The echo of the rock seemed to reassure him that there was nothing but emptiness.

THE road widened, got easier. Below him he could hear the murmur of the brook. "I must be turning into a cat," he thought; "I can make out some houses in the darkness." He kept on now without much precaution and even hummed a tune. It was a song of the early Madero revolution:

> My blood which you see flowing
> Will be avenged by Pascual Orozco.

"'My blood which you see flowing'—who will avenge it? If I do not return tonight the chief will think I have betrayed him. And if I'm killed for his sake he will never know it."

Again his spirit seemed to shrink like a frightened animal and he wanted to return to the cave. "But what can I tell the Old Man? That I got cold feet?" He decided to move on. After all, he had no evidence on him. Captors might spare him as a rancher.

He came to the bottom of the ravine and, belly down, took a drink of water. He followed the brook up to where the mountains parted. There they were lower and flat. "I have cat eyes—and if I'm a cat, I have seven lives."

At his right was a wood where the two younger men he was seeking should be with the horses. He thought he smelled manure and walked on freshly trampled sand. He made a little more noise, called cautiously, "It's me, Tiburcio."

Receiving no answer, he continued walking toward the trees. Leaning against an elm, he exclaimed, "So those damn' fools have run away!" And sure enough—not a sound of men or animals. Had the two been captured? Had they been killed for not telling their chief's hiding place? "I'd better wait here till dawn and then decide what I must do." He began looking for a place to lie down for the night. He groped about, stepping unsteadily.

*Rrrc!*

"Damn!"

He realized immediately what had happened. He had put his foot in a heavy steel trap. He felt its sharp teeth piercing his thick boot.

"What an idiot I am!"

He sat on the ground and tried to open the steel mouth which held his leg. He could not budge it. He tried to move to get a stout stick, but the trap was tied to a tree. He felt the thick lock which held the chain. "I have been caught like the most stupid animal!"

He knew he would have to have an iron bar to open the trap, and guessed that he was at the owner's mercy. Could it be a hunter, or—the gringos? A hunter would

By RAFAEL MUÑOZ
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

not have driven Alvarez and Torres away with all the horses. "It can't be otherwise—it must be the Americans." His leg began to throb. It would be bleeding.

"And now, when do they arrive. In the morning, no doubt. I didn't even bring my pistol. If I had they would have found a dead bear in their trap. God, what a fool I am not to have thought! Every one uses a pistol around here. It wouldn't have seemed strange."

Thus talking to himself he passed the night in the wood. His back flat on the ground, he felt the cold dew. He yawned loudly; stretching himself, he fell asleep.

He was awakened by dogs barking over his head. They were yellow dogs with long snouts like coyotes. They would leap away, baying out toward the plain, and would come back growling and pawing at him. "Just as they would do with any animal. All I need is to be skinned."

He could feel the vibration of the steps of his captors. He tried to sit up. "There they are."

Human voices called the dogs in a language almost unknown to him, which reminded him of—that dawn in Columbus.

The dogs were out of sight for a moment, and returned with men: American soldiers and two or three American Indians in wide palm hats. These were the guides and interpreters of the punitive expedition. They opened up to let a gigantic sergeant come through.

"Say, old man, who are you?"

"You talk to me in my own language."

"He says who are you, old man?"

"Well, at least I can understand some one. We gain that much from the Indians who come to steal our cattle."

"Who are you?"

"If you let go my leg I'll speak."

"Oh, hell! You tell me if you're a Villista."

"Here's another who barks. You let go my leg and I'll tell you, you freckled gringo."

"All right! You fellows free him."

Two soldiers opened the jaws of the bear trap. Hopping on one foot, Tiburcio reached the nearest tree and rested against its trunk. His gray eyes shone, and mockingly he began answering the questions.

"What's your name?"

"John Perez."

"From where?"

"From my ranch."

"Where is it?"

"Down the river to Guerrero."

"Where are you going?"

"To Parral."

"Walking? Where's the horse, then?"

"Yesterday afternoon I got off for a drink of water, and while I was getting it my horse ran away."

"Have you guns?"

"My rifle was on my saddle."

"Why were you going to Parral?"

"To look for work."

"Why did you leave your ranch?"

"Because I have no seed to plant this year."

THE redskin interpreter was becoming impatient. The sergeant put his own spoon in.

"You know Pancho Villa?"

"I? God forbid!—the bandit!"

"You know where he is?"

"He should be in hell, frying in oil."

No, thought the sergeant, this was not the way. These tricky Mexicans! Every day they had the same trouble with them. Old men and children, women and men, all had the same answer; no one seemed to like Villa, but no one had a hint of his whereabouts.

They knew that he was wounded, that he had been seen in a mule cart near the ranch of Montero, in the south. Where was he hidden? South of Parral the mule cart had not been seen, so it must be around here.

"You son of a gun! You tell me where he is or I'll break your face."

Tiburcio shrugged and answered with a condescending grin. He tried to move, but his wounded leg doubled under him. He was lost. Any attempt at escape was impossible. Nevertheless, if he succeeded in deceiving the Americans, he would be freed sooner or later. He started to roll a cigarette, but the Indian snatched it.

"Coming from your ranch you must have passed through San Antonio de los Arenales."

"Yes."

"When?"

"Three days ago."

"Had the American troops arrived there?"

This put him in a tight place, and he knew it. It was almost certain the Americans were there, as they had to pass through there. He hesitated.

"Americans? You mean American soldiers?"

"Yes, soldiers like us."

"Yes, there were."

"Many or just a few?"

"I didn't stop to count them."

"OH, you damned greaser! If you were in San Antonio, you couldn't pass through without a passport. You, Red, tell him General Pershing is there."

"The sergeant says for me to tell you that General Pershing has been in San Antonio since April. If you came through there you must have a passport."

"They didn't give me a thing."

"How did you leave there, then?"

"By night."

They got mad. This old man was worse than a mule. By kindness they didn't get a word out of him.

The Apache said something to the sergeant, who said:

"We are ordered not to molest pacific Mexicans."

"But this fellow—he must be a Villista, I'm sure."

"Then let's take him prisoner."

"I'll make him tell what he knows."

"Oh, all right. I pass the buck to you. You're not the American army—you can do as you please with him."

The sergeant left, went back to his soldiers. If the Indians got anything out of the Mexican, so much the better; if not, *he* wouldn't be held responsible. If anybody accused him of cruelty to the natives, he would blame the Indian guides, and that would be that.

Behind him the Indians had tied Tiburcio to the trunk of a tree. They took off his boots, and his brown feet rested naked on the ground. The old man could guess what was coming.

"Damned dogs! You deserve to be treated like slaves. You're no good for anything else. Better kill me, you cowards. Torture works with you, but we don't give a damn about it. I know where General Villa is, but you'll never find out—never!"

"Sergeant! He says he knows where Villa is!"

Their yells brought the sergeant back. He saw that one of them had skinned the soles of Tiburcio's feet. The rebel was roaring:

"You cowards! Sons of ——! You'll be cowards till your race is wiped out! Pigs! Kill me once and for all!"

"Where's Pancho Villa?"

"Sleeping with your grandmother!"

The Indian smashed him in the jaw.

"Where's Pancho Villa?"

"With your old woman!"

The Apache was furious and struck the prisoner again and again. The sergeant came between them.

"You won't get anything out of him this way, you brute. Listen, old man. You know where Villa is. We'll cure you. We'll give you fifty thousand dollars—"

"Go to the devil!"

The sergeant called two soldiers, ordering them to wet their handkerchiefs in the brook. They cleaned Tiburcio's feet and wrapped them up. He was put on a horse, his legs dangling. The old man's soles hurt him terribly. Death would have been a blessing to him. "But

*Rrrc! "Damn!" He had put his foot in a heavy steel trap. He felt its sharp teeth piercing his thick boot.*

how I'd love to send those —— ——s ahead of me!"

The sergeant brought his horse close to Tiburcio's.

"I'm sorry, old man. Apaches are Apaches. We Americans will cure you. We'll give you money. You won't have to work. You tell us where to find Villa."

Tiburcio did not reply. That pain! Such pain! The handkerchiefs had stuck to the raw flesh and he felt them tighten, as if he were standing on knives. It was a continuous pain, an unending suffering. Then he would feel as if his insides were falling down, down through his tortured legs.

"Holy Son of God!"

He closed his eyes, all sense of direction lost. He thought the horse was balancing to and fro— The horse? What horse? He was floating in the air. He was in the middle of the river. He must swim or drown. "I'm sinking!" He opened his mouth to utter a great cry; he opened his eyes wide. He could only draw in a deep sigh and see over his head a black haze.

He slumped forward. He did not fall from the horse, for the soldier who rode behind him held him. . . .

After three days' journey they took him to San Antonio de los Arenales, headquarters of the American punitive expedition. All along they met soldiers. "We'll soon know where Villa is," the sergeant kept saying. He had his plan to get Tiburcio to tell. No one else was allowed to talk to the prisoner, half senseless with fever. The sergeant had communicated with Pershing's headquarters by telephone. When they met with an army doctor they had the prisoner examined and the doctor dressed his wounds.

"Is he very sick?"

"Oh, no."

"Will he reach San Antonio alive?"

"Oh, sure. He has a temperature, but he'll be O. K. with a little rest."

An encampment of tents stretched around San Antonio. The sergeant went ahead and brought back detailed orders. He led his party to the little school where a hospital had been created, and where nine wounded soldiers were being treated.

About a dozen very clean beds were lined up in one of the rooms. The wounded were being cared for by some nurses in white uniforms, and from the adjoining room

came the smell of anæsthetics. Two nurses took Tiburcio into that room on a small table with wheels. Two doctors in white waited at the door.

"Remember, he rates every attention."

The doctors bathed his feet in soothing lotions and bandaged them. The second day, after further treatments, the fever left him. They took him his food in fine dishes: cereals, cream, fresh fruit, and tea. The nurses touched his brow lightly, taking his temperature. They smiled and tried their few Spanish words on him. The doctors did their best to make him well. His roommates in other beds saluted and tried to talk to him. After all, he was a prisoner, wounded and conquered.

At mealtimes the sergeant would come and talk to him. He helped him with his cereal, peeled his fruit, and talked about life in the United States, where there were many Mexicans working; about a good house, an auto.

"Have you a wife? Have you children?"

AT the unexpected reminder Tiburcio's spirit fell. His mind darkened. Wife? Children? What had Francisco Villa done with them? For the first time that monstrous crime seemed to put fire in his veins. It had never occurred to him to punish Villa. Why? What did he owe him? Only the loss of his wife, of his children, and the torment of never being able to walk again. Damn the chief! How could he ever pay Tiburcio for his silence? A word from Tiburcio would mean Villa's death.

"Wife? Children? Pancho Villa murdered them."

The sergeant's jaw dropped. He couldn't understand.

"Pancho Villa did? And you follow Villa?"

"Yes."

"You obey Villa? You defend him?"

"Yes."

"You're crazy!"

"Crazy, yes."

"Oh, I don't believe it! You're feverish again. If a man kills my wife, I kill him—I don't defend him."

"But I, yes."

The sergeant's surprise, his startled eyes, wiped out for a moment Tiburcio's hatred. "I, yes." In these two words was his moral triumph. Incurable, unable ever to stand on his feet again, seeing them open his very tomb, he felt the certainty of his superiority over the sergeant, the doctors, and the nurses, the soldiers passing by his window—over the whole army.

"I, yes."

He and the Americans had equal motives for hatred. The Americans wanted Villa dead or alive, to exhibit him in their country. With his death and shame they would be avenged, they would forget their own shame.

"I, no."

Tiburcio had another way of avenging himself, as man to man. He would have said, "Pancho Villa, you murdered my wife and daughter. You have a pistol in your belt—let's see who can shoot first, you or I." But he would never betray him while he lay sick in a cave to ten thousand men with machine guns, cannons, and planes.

"You tell us where he is. We'll avenge you. Fifty thousand dollars—a hundred thousand we'll give you. You'll go live in the States, protected by police. No one will be able to harm you. Will you talk?"

"I, no."

"If we find Villa alive we'll make him beg your pardon. We'll take his picture asking your forgiveness for killing your wife. You, the only man before whom Villa gets down on his knees. You made him get down!"

"I, no."

The sergeant took from his pocket a big map and spread it out on Tiburcio's bed. It showed every hill, every brook, every wood. A cross marked the place where Tiburcio had been found.

"See here, you don't have to say a word. Just put your finger on the map. If you swore not to speak, just point. You didn't swear not to point. Where's Pancho Villa?"

"No," Tiburcio repeated, and he snatched at the paper and tore it in halves.

The sergeant lost control of himself and with both hands grasped him by the neck, pulling him out of bed.

"You damn' fool! Go to hell and wait for Villa!"

They took him out in a truck. Its lights shone over a dreary plain. He didn't know where they were taking him. . . . Were they going to kill him? Why so much travel? The motor had purred for more than six hours.

At dawn the truck stopped before a plateau. Tiburcio was lifted out and laid prone on the ground.

"Good-by, Mexican! We leave you to your countrymen."

The truck turned back, disappeared.

Tiburcio, on the ground, tried to lift himself. Three or four kilometers ahead were a few houses. The far-off mountains greeted him with a cool wind.

He recognized the plain and the river. He knew what town that was. "Ciudad Guerrero. Why the hell did they leave me here?"

He could see horsemen galloping toward him. They must have seen the lights of the truck. Carranzistas, probably. "If I could only get to hell out of here! No sense in crawling. I'm no snake. They'd get me."

They found him.

"What did you come here for?"

"I didn't come. They brought me."

"Stand up."

"I can't."

"What the hell ails you?"

"They skinned my feet."

"The Villistas?"

"We're not that savage."

"You're a Villista, then? Why did they bring you?"

"For you to kill me."

They carried him to Ciudad Guerrero. He was recognized there as the soldier who had bandaged Villa's leg.

"Where's Villa?"

"Died three days after we left here."

"Where?"

"In San Geronimo."

"Did you bury him?"

"We burned him."

"Well, all right, you give him our regards."

They hanged him on a willow whose branches extended over the river. His body dangled at the end of the rope, three or four meters from the bank.

The rope began to give, the branch descended, and Tiburcio Maya's feet still bled when the sobbing waters of the Papagochic River kissed them.

. . . . . .

THE words of General Nicolás Fernandez, Francisco Villa's *compañero*, to the author of this story:

General Villa was never discovered by the Americans. For thirty-three days he lived in his cave. Just once during that time did the punitive expedition beat around the bottom of the hill. Joaquin Alvarez saw them. They hunted for six days. At last they left.

Now that General Villa had no more fever, they carried him down to El Guaje ranch. There they found a burro. Every time he stood on the foot the wound opened with great pain. They rode for nine days. They came to a ranch near Santa Cruz de Herera. There Gregorio Beltrán waited.

On the first day of July, Villa came before us at San Juan Bautista, Durango, where we were waiting for him.

After six months the Americans left and we went back to Chihuahua. The general complained continually of his leg, because every other minute it would open. I said, finally, wouldn't it be better to take out the bullet? He said, sure, but he didn't want me to go after it. So we called an Italian, Enriqueti, who lived over by Namiguipa. I gave him a pair of pliers. They were very wide, and he had to open the general's leg with a knife.

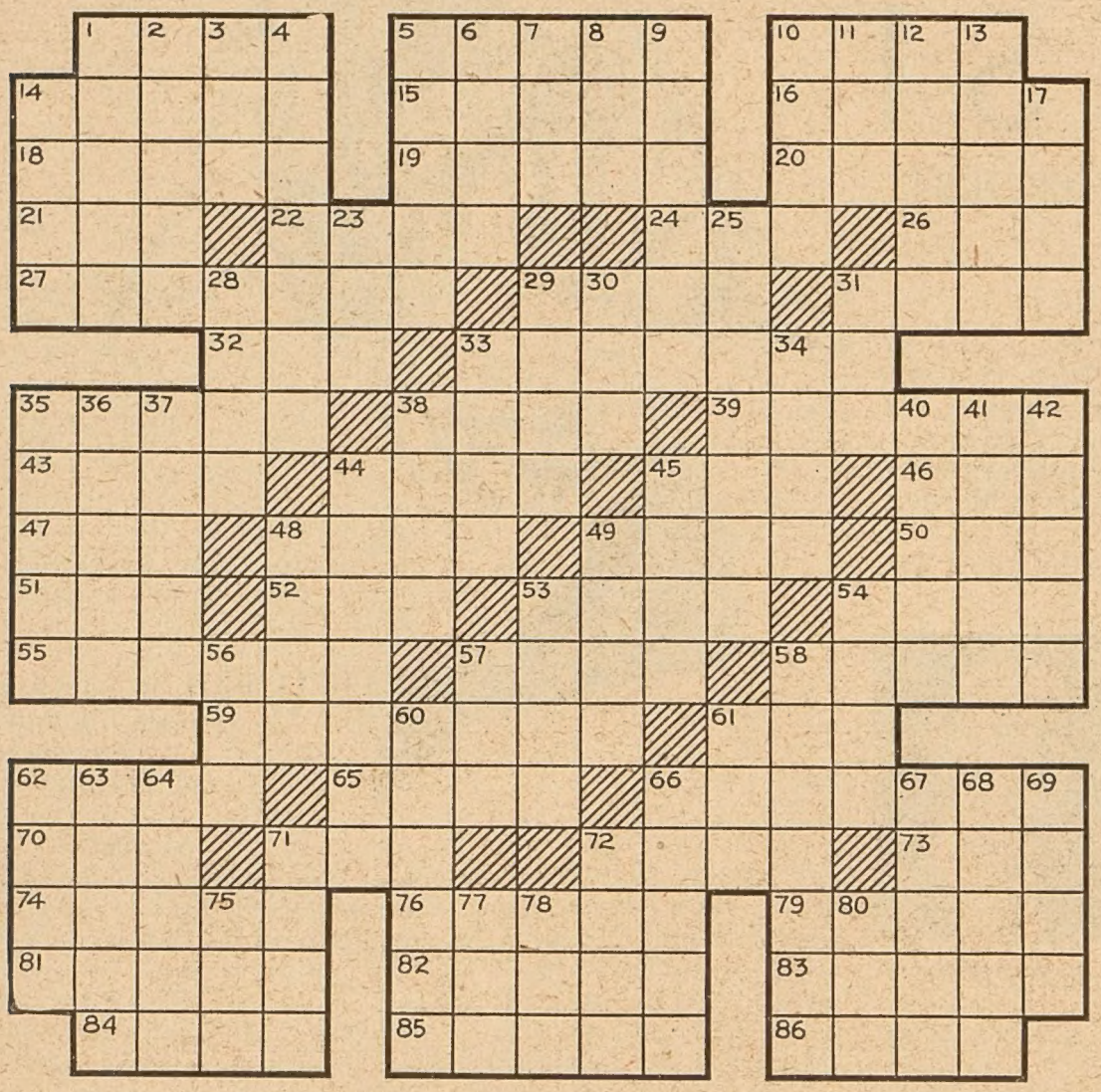
Enriqueti was scared to death, and he looked at the general more than at the bullet, and so he couldn't get it out. The general could hardly stand the pain. He turned his head away and tore at a cloth with his teeth. This was the Italian's chance. He got the bullet out. It was bent, because before having hit the chief it had struck a rock.

THE END

ANSWER TO
JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 24

**Armament**

# CROSS WORDS

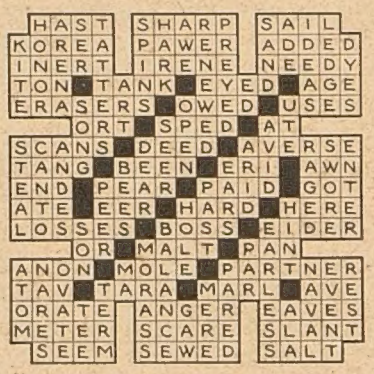


### HORIZONTAL

1 Man's name
5 A kind of musician
10 Possessive pronoun
14 Commerce
15 Ascended
16 Egg-shaped
18 Frame on which clothes are dried
19 A French dynasty
20 Pertaining to morning
21 Greek letter
22 Entangles
24 Cover with frosting
26 Antiquity
27 Matures, as timber
29 Murmur of a feline
31 Measures of length
32 Termination
33 Rivers, brooks, etc.
35 Companions
38 Spare
39 A dependent
43 A son of Isaac
44 Has
45 A river in Switzerland
46 A beverage
47 Make lace
48 Cooking utensils
49 Crafts
50 Obtained
51 Duration of life
52 Unrefined metal
53 Japanese sashes
54 Torn
55 A hurt
57 Grew old
58 The central part of anything (plural)
59 Ministered to
61 Domestic animal
62 Oily tissue (plural)
65 Large plant
66 Revolved
70 Anger
71 Man's name
72 Small particle
73 Exist
74 Sweet, viscid liquid
76 Portals
79 Mature
81 Gustation
82 Declaim
83 A public command
84 Require
85 That by which a thing is known (plural)
86 Repose

### VERTICAL

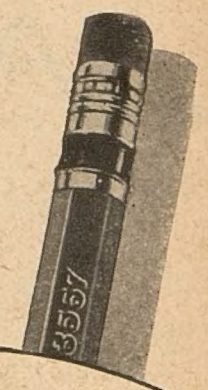
1 Ascend
2 Woman's name
3 Poem
4 Discourses
5 Data
6 Man's name (plural)
7 A dandy
8 Compass point
9 Withdraw
10 Domicile
11 Woman's name
12 A badgerlike animal
13 Motionless
14 Strikes lightly
17 Comes to a close
23 A conjunction
25 Neckties
28 Appear to be
29 Chief god of Memphis
30 Vase
31 A worm
33 Puts in place
34 A planet
35 Mettle
36 Proverb
37 Carries
38 Recent
40 Wiser
41 Solitary
42 Natives of Latvia
44 Insects
45 Barren
48 Indigent
49 In bed
53 A molding
54 Ecclesiastical court
56 A pronoun
57 Corroded
58 Food purveyor
60 Former province of Spain
61 Bed
62 The closed hand
63 Pertaining to Arius
64 Concise
66 Flowers
67 Tapestry
68 Upstanding
69 Small hollow
71 Mimicked
72 Apportion
75 American Indian
77 Constellation
78 Scotch cap
80 A small fish




**Answer to last week's puzzle**

**The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue**


μ




IT'S not shorthand . . . or maybe it is. But not in this case. It's a mu, and it's one-tenth of one one-thousandth of a millimeter . . . than which there are no particles bigger in the lead of a Venus-Velvet pencil. Thanks to our patented colloidal* process, formerly used only on the famous Venus drawing lead. Of course that's why V-V can't possibly scratch. And that's why Venus-Velvet is a smoother, easier-writing pencil. It's only a nickel!

VENUS VELVET

Five Cents

* U. S. Pat. No. 1,738,888

216
EVERY MINUTE

Analyze Liberty's weekly sale of 2,174,000 copies. You will see that this is the equivalent of 216 people paying a nickel for a copy of Liberty every single minute. 216 nickels, every minute of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year! A tremendous and continuous affirmation of Liberty's popularity.

# TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

*linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia*

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)*

THE rain came down soon after explorer Mitchell-Hedges and his assistant, Jane Houlson, had arrived at the little Maya-Kekchi village. In a native hut Jane Houlson was pounding her typewriter. Suddenly a crowd of Indians pushed in around her. With them they brought their sick—they even brought their dead.

Horrified, Miss Houlson would have fled the place, but Mitchell-Hedges stopped her.

Jane Houlson

F. A. Mitchell-Hedges

"For God's sake, stay at your typewriter!" he whispered. "They think your machine is the magic that brought the rain and ended the drought that was killing them. Now they believe your typewriter can cure their sick and get their dead into heaven. Keep on hitting those keys!"

That's the kind of a time you may have if you spend your life blazing trails for archæology. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges and Jane Harvey Houlson dig intrepidly into the ancient Maya ruins now lost among the jungles of Mexico and Central America. He sends his discoveries back to the Museum of the American Indian, to the British Museum, and other scientific institutions. He's English—a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell. Miss Houlson is English too. She does the writing on their expeditions. Also she catches big fish. Her 4,600-pound sawfish is a record catch. She weighs ninety-seven pounds.

I was fascinated hearing Mitchell-Hedges tell about the white descendants of old Morgan, the buccaneer. They live by themselves on some remote islands off the coast of Honduras.

"They live as primitively as the Indians," he told me, "yet they have never allowed their white blood to be mixed with the brown. The names of the men who served in old Morgan's pirate crew are still there—McNab, Cooper, Hayward, Kerconnell—a living generation sprung directly from the old freebooters who ravaged the Spanish Main."

FOR once in my life I have seen jealousy turned to good and useful account. The circumstances were rather pitiful in a way, but the cause was worthy.

It happened at a house party I attended not long ago. The other guests were all strangers to me. I noticed one of the men making a flirtatious fool of himself. Nothing outrageous—just whispering in the girls' ears, dancing à la burlesque—you know the antics of the *regular cut-up*.

"What a nuisance he is!" I heard several women say.

Then his wife gave me the real surprise. She became sternly vigilant, snatched him away from the girls, took him right straight home.

When they had gone I was let in on the secret. For years they have been the ardent lovers of the neighborhood. Always boasted about it. Now they are growing old. He pretends to flirt so that she can pretend to be jealous. Just to keep up their sentimental reputation. Touching, isn't it?

WITH a party of friends I had dinner in a Hindu restaurant one evening recently. We were told it was correct to eat our curry, rice, fried bananas, etc., with a spoon. One of the men in our party exclaimed with joy.

Other men at our table seemed to feel the same way. They said they wished that spoons were more generally sanctioned by our own rules of etiquette. How silly it is, they said, to fork fussily at a stew, a casserole, or any juicy dish of that kind. Also fried and poached eggs.

The men want spoons. They asked me to start a pro-spoon movement right here and now. I said I would write this little piece, putting it up to my women readers. What do you say, girls? Are you *for* spoons or *agin* 'em?

LAST year at this time I had a letter from a farmer's wife. Depression was then unchecked. The countrywoman told me how her two boys, out of work in the city, had just come home to live. She told me how glad she was to have them with her; how thankful she was that the farm could at least keep them fed and sheltered. "We have a real reason for Thanksgiving," she said.

I can't help thinking of her again this year. I hope her boys are with her now—not seeking refuge, as before—just home from their own jobs for an old-fashioned Thanksgiving visit.

Thankful as we must be for the old resources of the land that keep us alive through adversity, we should be even more thankful this year, I believe, for the strong and resourceful men now leading us out of adversity.

ESCAPE, by F. Yeats-Brown, is the best thriller I have read this season—and all the hairbreadth escapes it tells about were real. (Published by Macmillan.)

"WOMEN may slip," says Mme. Julienne of Paris, "but women must never wabble."

Right away I want you to know that Mme. Julienne is talking about our shoes—not our morals. She's the big shoe designer of France today. She says every shoe you wear should grip your instep firmly to prevent wabbling. Low squarish heels for street wear. Any shoe, she warns, that does not place your foot solidly and comfortably on the ground will certainly throw your figure out of balance, eventually disturbing your insides.

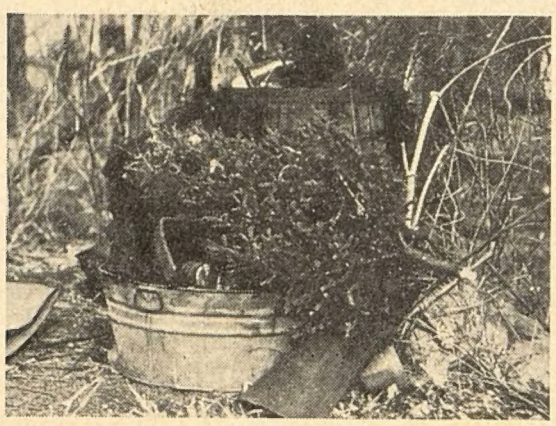
Paris has been listening to this advice. Low heels are now the fad over there. For daytime the smart Parisiennes are wearing patent-leather slippers, almost heelless—little-girl style. For evening they wear Directoire slippers with crisscross ribbons to tie them on. These Directoire slippers have no heels at all.

YOU CAN WIN! **$5,000** YOU CAN WIN!

# IN BIG CASH PRIZES

## For the Best Entries by Amateur Photographers

# *DEPICTING HOME LIFE SCENES*



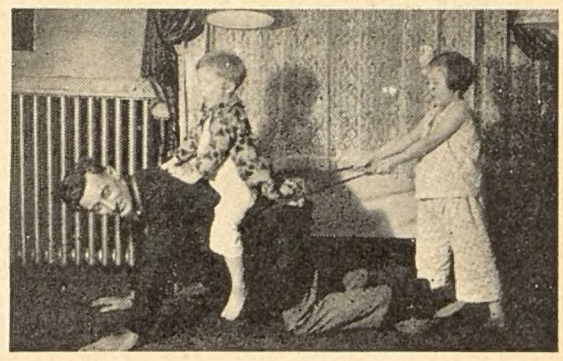
*Certainly there's human interest in these two prize winners from last season's contest.*

POINT your camera at some scene about your home. Snap the shutter! You may have captured a picture of home life that will win one of the big cash prizes in this week's contest. That's all there is to it. Just take a snapshot and send it in. Your chance to win is excellent. Castle, mansion, apartment, farmhouse, or cabin, the price of the background makes no difference. It's the spirit, the human interest of your entry, that counts. Even quality of photography does not bear weight so long as your snapshot is of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication.

The rules below give complete instructions on how, when, and where to submit your entry for one of this week's fifty-one cash awards ranging from $100 down to $5. Bear in mind that you may capture one of the $200 Grand Prizes even though you miss out on a weekly award.

This week's contest closes December 11, which gives you an opportunity to snap a Thanksgiving home group if you wish. But don't delay too long. Get your film developed in plenty of time to enter a print before December 11.

*Wherever children play and household tasks are done you'll find prize winners like these.*



## CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

### *EACH WEEK*

| | |
|---|---|
| FIRST PRIZE | $100 |
| TEN SECOND PRIZES, each $10 | 100 |
| FORTY THIRD PRIZES, each $5 | 200 |
| WEEKLY TOTAL | $400 |
| TOTAL PRIZES FOR TEN WEEKS | $4,000 |

### *GRAND PRIZES*

| | |
|---|---|
| FIVE PRIZES, each $200 | $1,000 |
| TOTAL CASH PRIZES TO BE PAID | $5,000 |

## HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

### TEN WEEKLY CONTESTS

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.
2. Any one, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.
4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 8, 1933, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.
5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.
6. The first weekly contest closes Monday, December 4, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including February 5, 1934, which ends the contest series.
7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.
8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

### $1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.
2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, best baby snapshot. Group B, best family group. Group C, best home interior. Group D, best pet picture. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.
3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

# IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES—

**RIDE 'EM COWBOY!** It sure takes healthy nerves to stay on board a fighting bronk! "Camels are *my* smoke," says Eddie Woods, cowboy champion. "They never jangle my nerves."

## *Steady Smokers turn to Camels*

EDDIE WOODS, twice all-round cowboy champion at the famous Calgary Stampede, "top hand" of the cowboy world, says:

"Ten seconds on the back of an outlaw horse is about the hardest punishment for a man's nerves that anybody can imagine. To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all, but Camels are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness that appeals to me, and I like their taste better. Most important of all, Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I light up one Camel after another."

* * *

If *you* are nervous...inclined to "fly off the handle"... change to Camels. Your own nerves and taste will confirm the fact that this milder cigarette, made from costlier tobaccos, is better for steady smoking.

**"I'M DEVOTED TO** riding. Even if I am not in the championship class I need *healthy nerves.* And Camels are the *mildest* cigarette I know!"

**IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW**
**Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.**

**A MATCHLESS BLEND**

# CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

**NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES** | **NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE**

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company